

The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



MISS RUTH VINCENT AS KATE IN "THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD," AT THE SAVOY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

The Jubilee would not be complete without a season of French plays, and the usual distressful clamour about the caprice of the censorship. A critic who saw "La Douloureuse" penned an indignant article on the negligence of Mr. Redford. How came that official to license such a shameless piece of Parisian cynicism? Just as the citizen who perceives a merry little "mill" at a street-corner, with no guardian of the peace in sight, writes to the papers to ask "Where are the Police?" so this dramatic critic exclaimed, "Where is the Examiner of Plays?" It happened that in this instance the answer was prompt and damning. Mr. Redford actually sat through "La Douloureuse" with a copy of the play in his hand! He seems to have listened to its audacities unmoved; at any rate, on the following evening, when I saw the piece, there was no reason to suspect that any of them had been omitted or diluted. The stalls were full of ladies, some of whom openly discussed the most interesting situation. At the frankest line of all I heard a prolonged whistle, evidently an involuntary tribute of wonder from a man behind me to the judicial breadth of Mr. Redford's mind. I entered with sympathetic imagination into the feelings of the critic who had watched that oracle the night before, feelings which I will venture to paraphrase in rhyme—

*I sit in blank amaze,
Examiner of Plays!
I drop my troubled gaze,
Examiner of Plays!
But in a seat hard by
I shudder to discern
Your bland, unwinking eye,
Examiner of Plays!*

*O did you hear that phrase,
Examiner of Plays?
It set my cheek ablaze,
Examiner of Plays!
But not the hottest hint
I'd rather die than print
Inflames your neutral tint,
Examiner of Plays!*

*O mend your callous ways,
Examiner of Plays!
Repress this Gallic craze,
Examiner of Plays!
How can creation know
Our morals are as snar,
If you're a Gallic,
Examiner of Plays?*

Personally, I find refreshment in the vagaries of Mr. Redford. It is an abiding joy to have a theatrical censor who thinks that what would be unpardonable in English is quite permissible in French. And, after all, Mr. Redford is sustained in this attitude by public opinion. If an English play on the theme of "La Douloureuse" were by any chance produced at a London theatre, paterfamilias would be an image of horror in the *Times*, and that journal would hurl even more tremendous bolts at the offending manager than it aimed at Mr. Tree a year or two ago. But to the French play paterfamilias does not mind taking his daughters. Perhaps he has a fatherly pride in exhibiting their knowledge of Madame Réjane's native tongue. The other night a blooming young thing near me actually criticised the French pronunciation on the stage. How proud papa must be of this discernment! He may be reminded of speech-day at Miss Pinkerton's academy, when the pupils spoke their little pieces, and his daughter was complimented on her elocution. Now she sits in the stalls at a French play, which nobody would dare to translate, and finds fault with the diction of the Parisian artists!

I am not going to analyse the morality of "La Douloureuse," and the story has no place here; but one remarkable scene gave me the most acutely modern sensation I have ever had in the theatre. Mr. Meredith says that the supreme test of a man's sense of humour is his willingness to appear ridiculous in the eyes that are dearest to him. In the play there is a worse ordeal. A man has to admit to his wife that he has learned a secret of her life from her friend, another woman, who has betrayed her with a peculiar baseness in which he is a partner. Full of his own wrongs, he fails to see that he is the greater offender till the wife's reproaches strip him of every shred of personal dignity. So

vividly was this scene acted that it seemed to me as if every man in the theatre were shamed by this abject shrivelling-up of manhood. You saw a physical and mental wreck that you wanted to hide with a cloth as though it were a corpse. Then Réjane, exhausted by emotion, dried her tears with a powder-puff, put on her hat and veil, and, too weak to lift her cloak, turned to the wreck for help. He handled the cloak mechanically, pushing into its ample sleeves the swelling drapery which inhabits a woman's shoulders. These details were watched with breathless interest; nobody smiled even at the powder-puff; it was felt that such mournful little touches of realism had caught a reflection of the tragedy and deepened its wretchedness. Now I wonder whether an English dramatist would venture to ask a *jeune premier*, one of those popular actors who wear their clothes so gracefully and are wont to charm the public with dashing airs, to figure in such abasement! And what would the British pit say then to the powder-puff?

Very curious at times is the sound of the French voice in the insular ear. Chareot used to hypnotise a woman, press a coin against her cheek, tell her she was burnt in that place, and, lo! the scar of the burn shone red. Sarah Bernhardt hypnotises my throat, so that, after some of her intonations, it is almost sore! How her larynx survives the grating of her angry accents is a marvel; but the next moment she is gurgling like a nightingale, and, the moment after that, chanting like a choir. Every French actress seems to drop into a chant, as Mr. Wegg dropped into poetry. You are listening to the deliciously natural inflections of Réjane, when suddenly she passes into a recitative, and intones half-a-dozen lines of prose with more than ecclesiasticalunction. A sort of episcopal glamour falls upon the scene, and if you could take your mind for an instant off the sense of the words, which is by no means episcopal, you might fancy that some solemn rite had begun—a burial service or a prayer for rain. I don't know whether it is the melody which saves the effect from occasional incongruity, or whether it is our respect for the French artistic method; but I cannot imagine English actresses resorting to this device without considerable risk. We have come to associate such a change of intonation on our own stage with deliberate burlesque, and perhaps that is a pity. The cultivation of the speaking voice is not remarkable in these islands, even in professions which depend not a little on the richness and variety of its resources.

In the course of a happy essay in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. James Payn remarks that "speculations on 'fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute' are the subjects of the best kind of conversation." This will abash a good many people who never venture into such a field; but they may wonder in what circles these subjects are discussed. Mr. Payn holds that "men of letters" are the "best talkers." How many of them, in the intervals of whist, are in the habit of discoursing on fate and free-will? These were not favourite topics even with Dr. Johnson; and from the memoirs of great conversationalists it would be difficult to show that any large proportion of them habitually refreshed their leisure with "foreknowledge absolute." When theology was rampant, free-will may have been found an interesting theme after dinner; but I question whether in our times even professed theologians thirst for it in their sociable moments. My personal acquaintance with divines leads me to suspect that on such occasions their talk is always mundane. I believe the talker most interesting to men of letters is the man of action, who has seen life under curious aspects away from the beaten track of civilisation. "Students of human nature," as Mr. Payn says, are the best company; but if a man of original experience suspends his stories of life to speculate about fate and free-will, does he command the same interest in his audience?

Mr. Havelock Ellis has started a subject which ought to make conversation rather lively. It relates to the stature of men of intellect. Mr. Ellis says that most of them are either tall or short, and that there is a comparatively small percentage of genius among the middle-sized. He tabulates some historical specimens, and finds 142 tall men, 125 short men, and only 74 of middle-height. To be middle-sized is to be somewhere between five feet four and five feet nine; so, if the gentle reader is in this dimension, he may speculate agreeably about his claim to brains, as compared with the claims of neighbours who are taller or smaller. What a subject for the dinner-table! What measurements of genius with black pencil on the door, or, in the general excitement, on the wall-paper! What peril of acerbity, I fear, if a middle-sized man finds himself in a company of giants or dwarfs! Anyway, how can "foreknowledge absolute" compete in conversation with Mr. Ellis's percentage positive of our intellectual inches?

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RAILWAY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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PARIS.—SHORTEST and CHEAPEST ROUTE, via NEWHAVEN,
DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris.	(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)	Paris to London.	(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)
Victoria	dep. 10 0 a.m.	9 45 p.m.	Paris	dep. 10 0 a.m.	9 0 p.m.
London Bridge	10 0	9 55	London Bridge	arr. 7 0 p.m.	7 40 a.m.
Paris	arr. 7 0 p.m.	7 45 a.m.	Victoria	7 0	7 50

FARES.—Single: First, 3s. 7d.; Second, 2s. 7d.; Third, 1s. 7d. Return: First, 5s. 3d.; Second, 4s. 3d.; Third, 3s. 3d.

A Pullman Drawing-room Car runs in the First and Second Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

BRIGHTON AND PARIS.—In connection with the Day Express Service, a Special Train leaves Brighton 10.30 a.m. for Newhaven Harbour, returning at 5.20 p.m.

FRENCH NATIONAL FÊTE, JULY 14.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION, July 9, 10, 11, and 12, to Paris (First and Second Class only), by the above Special Express Day Service.—Leaving London Bridge and Victoria 10 a.m., and Kensington (Adison Road) 9.30 a.m., and (First, Second, and Third Class) by the above Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 9.15 p.m., London Bridge 9.55 p.m., and Kensington (Adison Road) 9.20 p.m.

Returning from Paris by the above Services, as per bills, on any day within 14 days of the date of issue. Fares, 3s. 3d., 3s. 6d., and 2s.

(By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. IMPROVED SERVICE to and from the CHANNEL ISLANDS via WEYMOUTH.

SHORTEST SEA PASSAGE.

NEW DAYLIGHT SERVICE.

DAY BOAT in BOTH DIRECTIONS.

WEYMOUTH to GUERNSEY in about 2½ hours.

GUERNSEY " JERSEY " 1½ hours.

During the months of JULY, AUGUST, and SEPTEMBER 1897 (wind, weather, and other circumstances permitting) the Service will be as under—

DAY SERVICE (Sundays excepted).—PADDINGTON depart 8.50 a.m., WEYMOUTH depart 1.30 p.m., reaching GUERNSEY about 5 p.m. and JERSEY about 7 p.m., and returning from JERSEY 8.30 a.m., and GUERNSEY at 10 a.m., reaching PADDINGTON by SPECIAL BOAT-TRAIN about 7.15 p.m.

NIGHT SERVICE.—PADDINGTON (Sundays excepted) depart 9.45 p.m., WEYMOUTH depart 2.15 a.m., reaching GUERNSEY about 6.45 a.m. and JERSEY about 9 a.m. There is no night service from the Islands.

EXCURSIONS will leave PADDINGTON STATION as under—

EVERY SATURDAY 8.50 a.m. (Special Day Service Express) and 9.45 p.m. (Night Boat Express) for GUERNSEY and JERSEY for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days. Return Fare, Third-Class and After Cabin, 2s. 6d.

Passengers pass direct between the Trains and Steamers at Weymouth. Steamers lighted by electricity.

For full particulars see Time-tables and notices. J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

ACCELERATED and ADDITIONAL SERVICE to and from the CHANNEL ISLANDS, via SOUTHAMPTON.

NEW DAYLIGHT SERVICE to the CHANNEL ISLANDS.

EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, during JULY, AUGUST, and SEPTEMBER, a Steamer will leave SOUTHAMPTON at 11.30 a.m. for GUERNSEY and JERSEY, in CONNECTION with the 8.55 a.m. NEW FAST TRAIN from WATERLOO DIRECT to SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS, reaching Guernsey about 5.00 and Jersey 7.30 p.m.

NIGHT SERVICE to the CHANNEL ISLANDS.

IMPROVED TRAIN and BOAT SERVICE.

EVERY WEEK-DAY

During JULY, AUGUST, and SEPTEMBER, Leaving Waterloo at 9.45 and 10.10 p.m. (after Sept. 15, 9.45 p.m. only), arriving Guernsey 6.0 and Jersey 8 a.m.

In order to prevent delay to passengers at Guernsey, and for the accommodation of shippers, Fast Cargo Steamers will leave Guernsey for Southampton as required.

A Passenger Steamer will leave Jersey for Guernsey (only) every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 6 p.m.

RETURN FARES by DAYLIGHT and NIGHT SERVICES, LONDON to GUERNSEY or JERSEY, vice versa—First-Class, 4s.; Second-Class, 3s. 6d.; Third-Class, 3s.; available for two months.

On SATURDAYS CHEAP THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS will be issued to GUERNSEY and JERSEY from Waterloo by the 8.55 a.m. and 10.10 p.m. Trains (in connection with the Boats leaving Southampton at 11.30 a.m. and 12.15 mid-night), available to return following Monday, Saturday, Monday week, Saturday week, or Monday fortnight. RETURN FARE, Third-Class by Rail and Fare Cabin by Steamer, 2s. 6d.

By the SOUTHAMPTON ROUTE two hours are saved on the Railway journey, and the sea passage is shortened by part of the voyage being made inside the Isle of Wight, the scenery being very beautiful.

CHAS. SCOTT, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY (IRELAND).

ROYAL MAIL ROUTE between

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TOURISTS' TICKETS are issued at Dublin, Londonderry, Belfast, and the principal Great Northern Stations.

CIRCULAR TOURS have also been arranged, embracing all places of most interest in the country, and giving a succession of picturesque scenery, and the finest shooting and fishing in Ireland.

To obtain the Company's Time Tables, Illustrated Guides and Programmes, and full information as to the fares, routes, excursion arrangements, &c., apply to the Superintendent of the Line, Admirals Street Terminus, Dublin.

HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.
Dublin, 1897.

SCHEVENINGEN (Holland)—The Dutch Brighton—via Harwich-Hook of Holland, daily (Sundays included). Guide-book (free) and full particulars on application to the Manager, Hotel Kurhaus, Scheveningen, Holland.

THE HARWICH-HOOK route is the quickest to Holland (to Amsterdam 11 hours) and cheapest to Germany.

NEW TWIN-SCREW S.S. "DRESDEN" now on the service.

BRUSSELS EXHIBITION—CHEAP RETURN TICKETS—First, 2s. 6d.; Second, 2s. 6d.; Third, 2s. The Ardennes (Cheapest Continental Holiday), Switzerland, &c., via Harwich-Antwerp, every week-day to Sept. 12; Sundays also.

Passenger leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. Direct service to Harwich, via Lincoln or Peterborough and March, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands, saving time and money. Dining-car from York, via March. HAMBURG by G.N.R. Company's fast passenger steamers "Peregrine" and "Seaweed," Wednesdays and Saturdays. Cheap tickets and rooms to all parts of the Continent. Read the G.N.R. Company's "Tourist Guide to the Continent," illustrated, price 6d., post 8d. Particulars at the G.N.R. Company's American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool 8 feet Station, E.C.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS (WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE).—ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE now in operation.—WEEK-DAYS.

CORRIDOR AND LUNCHEON CAR EXPRESS TO EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW FROM EUSTON 11.30 a.m.

CORRIDOR LUNCHEON AND DINING CAR EXPRESS FROM EUSTON AT 2 p.m.

		a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (Euston)	dep.	5 15	7 15	10 0	11 30	2 0	3 0	8 50	11 50
Edinburgh (Princes Street)	arr.	5 45	5 50	6 30	7 55	10 30	...	8 40	7 50
Glasgow (Central)	...	2 20	6 0	6 45	7 55	10 20	...	6 45	7 50
Greenock	...	4 27	7 5	7 40	9 8	11 17	...	8 0	9 20
Gourock	...	4 29	7 15	7 50	9 17	11 27	...	8 11	9 10
Oban	...	9 5	4 45	8 45	11 55	2 5
Perth	...	5 20	...	7 55	...	12 18	5 20	7 55	9 10
Inverness—via Dunkeld	...	7 15	6 10	9 30	...	2 40
Dundee	...	9 5	...	10 15	...	3 0	7 15	...	11 25
Aberdeen	8 55	9 45	...	2 45
Balater	7 55	12 0	...	4 45
Inverness—via Aberdeen

* On Saturday night the 8.50 and 11.50 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

Passengers for Stations North of Motherwell must leave London by the 8.50 p.m. train on Saturday nights. The 11.50 p.m. has no connection to those stations.

B.—THE NIGHT EXPRESS leaving EUSTON at 8 p.m. will run EVERY NIGHT (EXCEPT SATURDAYS).

A.—On Saturdays passengers by the 2 p.m. train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

A special train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) at 8.20 p.m., from July 5 to Aug. 9 inclusive, for the conveyance of horses and private carriages only to all parts of Scotland. A special carriage for the conveyance of dogs will be attached to this train.

Sleeping Saloons for first-class passengers to Perth, Inverness, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Glasgow by night trains. Extra charge, 5s. for each berth.

For further particulars see the Companies' Time Tables, Guides, and Notices.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager, L. and N.W. Railway.

JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—HENLEY REGATTA.

REDUCED FARES ON JULY 14, 15, and 16 THE ORDINARY TRAIN SERVICE between PADDINGTON STATION and HENLEY will be SUSPENDED, and the following will be the service. From PADDINGTON to HENLEY at 8.10 a.m. 8.35, 8.45, 9.5, 9.17, 9.25, 9.52, 10.5, 10.15, 10.22, 10.32, 10.47, 10.58, 11.10, 11.22, 11.32, 11.50 a.m., 12.45, 1.43, 2.28, 6.30, and 8.20 p.m.

* On July 16 only.

From HENLEY to PADDINGTON at 7 a.m. 8.45, 9.35, 10.28 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.15, 3.0, 3.40, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 6.15, 6.30, 6.45, 7.10, 7.25, 7.50, 8.15, 8.25, 8.35, 9.5, 9.15, 10.0, * 10.10, 10.20, * 10.30, and 11 p.m. * On July 16 only.

ON JULY 17 and 18 THROUGH SPECIAL TRAINS will leave HENLEY at 8.45 a.m. for PADDINGTON, and at 10.35, 11.10 a.m., 12.10 and 3.0 p.m. for MAIDENHEAD, SLOUGH, WINDSOR, and PADDINGTON.

RETURN FARES: First Class, 10s. 6d.; Second Class, 6s. 6d.; Third Class, by all trains up to the 2.17 a.m. ex. PADDINGTON, 3s. 6d.; after 2.17 a.m., 5s.

TICKETS will be issued between PADDINGTON and HENLEY on JULY 10 and following days, available BY ANY TRAIN between JULY 10 and 19 inclusive. FARES, First Class, 12s.; Second Class, 8s. 6d.

TICKETS will also be issued, available for the THREE REGATTA DAYS, JULY 14, 15, and 16. FIRED CLASS, 2s. 6d.; SECOND CLASS, 1s. 6d.

J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN AND NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAYS.

EVERY SATURDAY DURING JULY, AUGUST, AND SEPTEMBER, EXCURSION TICKETS to the EAST COAST WATERING-PLACES, for 3, 8, 14, 15, or 17 DAYS, WILL BE ISSUED FROM LONDON AS UNDER—

KING'S CROSS	dep.	a.m. A	a.m. B
Moorgate Street	...	8 45	10 25
Finsbury Park	...	8 21	10 15

A.—To Saltburn, Redcar, Seaton Carew, Tynemouth, Whitley, and Cullercoats. B.—To Bridlington, Filey, Scarborough, Robin Hood's Bay, and Whitby.

TO

STATIONS	RETURN TIMES	FARES FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY
BRIDLINGTON (via Selby and Thirsk)	11 43	5s. 6d.
FILEY	10 49	20 0
SCARBOROUGH	10 45	20 0
ROBIN HOOD'S BAY	9 27	20 0
WHITBY	9 55	20 0
SALTBOURN	10 8	20 0
REDCAR	10 18	21 0
SEATON CAREW	10 10	21 0
TYNEMOUTH	8 57	21 0
WHITLEY	8 48	21 0
CULLERCOATS	8 51	21 0

The Tickets will be available for return on the following Monday or Saturday, Monday week or Saturday week, or Monday fortnight.

CHEAP TOURIST and WEEK-END TICKETS are also issued to the above-mentioned places from King's Cross.

The Excursion and Week-End Tickets will not be available at intermediate stations.

July 1897.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager, G.N.R.

GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, N.E.R.

TOURISTS TO IRELAND (Office, 2, Charing Cross)

CAN OBTAIN THROUGH TICKETS, ILLUSTRATED OFFICIAL GUIDE-BOOKS, AND EVERY INFORMATION as to the best way of visiting the many CHARMING AND INTERESTING PLACES for which this country is so celebrated, on application to G.H. TURNHAM, Agent Irish Railways, 2, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

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TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.40,
A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE, by Sydney Grundy.
MISS WINIFRED EMERY, MR. CYRIL MAUDE, and MR. WILLIAM TERRIS.
MATINEE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) at 3. Box Office (Mr. Leverton) 10 to 10.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
TO-NIGHT and TO-MORROW at 8. (Last Two Nights.) Doors open 7.30.
THE RED LAMP
and

THE BALLAD-MONGER.

MATINEE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY), July 7, at 2.30.
ON SATURDAY NEXT, July 10, will be produced Mr. Sydney Grundy's New Comedy,
THE SILVER KEY, adapted from Mme. de Bois Isla, by Alexandre Dumas.
Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) Open Daily 10 to 10.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, UNDER ONE FLAG
and MONTE CRISTO, and THE CRUISE OF THE SAUCY PUSS, with
MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS.
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

Doors open at 7.45.

ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, GRAND NATIONAL
BALLET, VICTORIA AND MERRIE ENGLAND, and THE TZIGANE.

Exceptional Variety Programmes.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Box Office (10 to 6) is now transferred to the Charing Cross Road.
ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.**VICTORIAN ERA EXHIBITION, Earl's Court, London, S.W.**

Director-General: MIRE KIRALY.

Open DAILY 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. Admission 1s.

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60 YEARS OF BRITISH ART.

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Including Exhibits previously lent by HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN and

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60 YEARS OF BRITISH MUSIC.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH WOMEN'S WORK.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH COMMERCE.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH SCIENCE.

60 YEARS OF BRITISH SPORT.

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GREENADIER GUARDS BAND, DAN GODFREY'S BAND.

On weekdays the bands will play in the Empire Theatre, the promenade being free to visitors to the exhibition.

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Two Wooden-Tread ORMONDE BICYCLES Given Weekly.

PANORAMA OF HOME, LORD GEORGE SANGSTER'S ROYAL JUBILEE CIRCUS.

THE OLD RICHARDSON'S SHOW.

JEWELLIE'S FAMOUS MARIONETTE THEATRE.

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Hundreds of Models of Yachts, Illustrating the progress made in yacht-building during the past 60 years. Large and interesting Collections of PRIZE CUPS, and of OIL PAINTINGS, WATER-COLOURS, and PHOTOGRAPHS of YACHTS and YACHTING SUBJECTS. Exhibits of Models and Yacht Equipments. Collection of PRIVATE RACING FLAGS.

SHIP-MAKING by MACINTOSH and by fisher-girls. MODEL of the CHANNEL, Illuminated Charts, Lights, &c., shown by the Trinity House. Full-sized Lighthouse Lantern by Chance Brothers and Co.

Exhibits of BOATS, BIKES, HOOKS, TACKLE, Live Fish, Breeding Tanks, Stuffed Fish, &c., Large Model, of the THAMES WALLING in FULLER.

An Exhibition of Life-Saving at Sea will be given at intervals in the West Quadrangle. A Series of Animated Photographs hourly, from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m.

SUBMARINE CHOREOGRAPHY—By EDWARD SCHAUSS, Imperial and Royal Austria-Hungarian Director of Court Ball Music, with his Complete Orchestra, from Vienna, specially engaged for Afternoon and Evening Concerts during the Season. The Afternoon Concerts will commence at 5 p.m., the Evening Concerts at 8.45 p.m., terminating at 10.45 p.m.

Luncheons from 1 to 3.30. Dinners (at 1s., 7s. 6d., or 4/- la carte) from 6.30 p.m., in the East Garden Pavilion. Light refreshments in the West Gardens. Orders addressed to General Superintendent, Steaming Department, Imperial Institute, Telephone No. 3822, Kensington Exchange, communication by train and omnibus to South Kensington throughout the day. Covered way communication with the South Kensington subway. Is. 6d. extra fare from W.C. districts.

ADMISSION ONE SHILLING. From 1 p.m. to 11 p.m. Wednesdays (Follows Days) by Ticket only, to be obtained from Fellows.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS. (Within an hour of London.)

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SMALL TALK.

The aftermath of the Jubilee is a curious state of collapse. Rarely have I seen the Strand so deserted in the late afternoon as it was last week. Everybody seems tired out. I met the Queen on her way to Windsor after the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace last Monday week, and she struck me as looking very tired indeed. Yet she has had to go through many ceremonies since then, including the review of the schoolboys on Tuesday, the great review at Laffan's Plain on Thursday, and the reception of her faithful Commons at Windsor on Saturday, of which more anon.

The Jubilee has been full of contrasts—State Banquets on the one hand and bountiful feasts for poor people on the other. Just compare the menu of the poor folks' dinners—and that at Willesden, which I reproduce here, was typical—with a State Banquet. The Princess of Wales went to Chelsea on Wednesday, where five thousand people were feasted. What a contrast to the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace which the Princess had seen but two days before when she was driving about the grounds with the Queen!

Munir Pasha's report to his master on the Jubilee would make delightful reading if the Sultan would condescend to publish it. It is quite true that Munir did not adorn the Procession. He received a gentle hint from the Prince of Wales that the London populace might not appreciate his presence at its official value. In great alarm, he consulted Lord Salisbury, who seems to have jumped at this opportunity of keeping Munir out of the way. At any rate, he intimated that he shared the Prince's views; so the luckless Pasha had a diplomatic illness, and spent the Jubilee morning in bed.

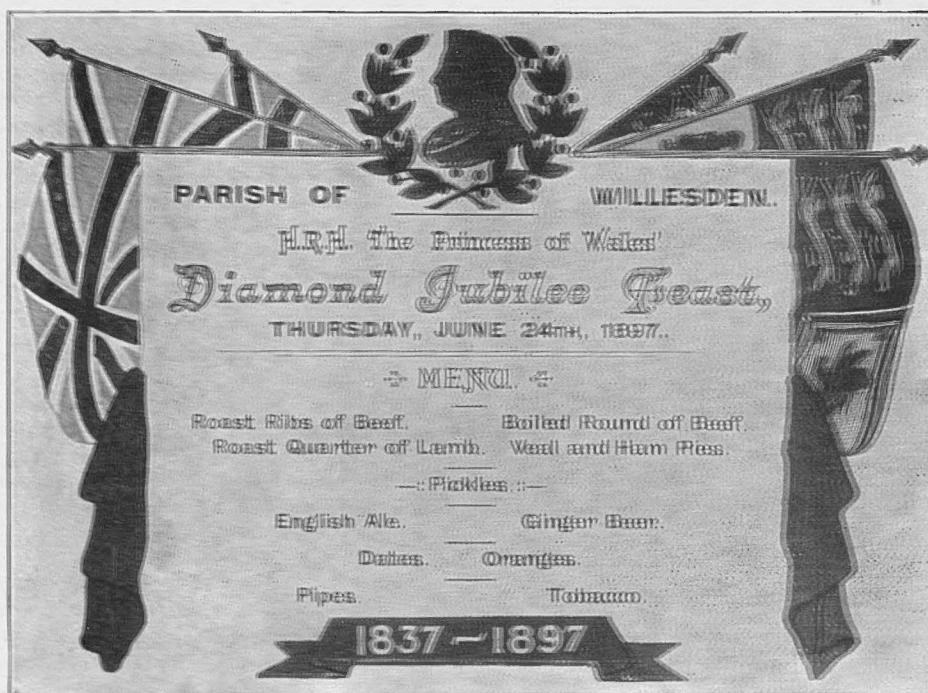
Even more comic is the story of the two Persian representatives. The Shah sent an envoy some little time ago to announce his accession.

He might have done this through the post, but he preferred the less economical and more ceremonious method. To the Jubilee he sent another envoy, of superior station. Now it is contrary to Persian etiquette for two envoys to meet in the same place, so number one went off to Holland. Thinking his successor had departed, he returned to London, and was horrified to learn that envoy number two was still here. His agitation reached white heat at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, where he was invited to make a speech. To the astonishment of the company, he implored them not to mention his unhappy presence, and then he fled. I presume he is now wandering disconsolately through the most sequestered streets of Amsterdam.

Another Oriental visitor took occasion to tell a charming actress how much he had enjoyed himself at the theatres. "And what did you like best?" she asked. He gazed at her with tropical intentness, and said, "I will tell you. What I enjoyed most"—here he paused, and the lady began to think, and so did the bystanders, that he was about to pay her an impressive compliment—"what I enjoyed most," he said very slowly.

and earnestly, "was the acting off the ballet girls at the Alhambra."

I am sure that many of our own countrymen are in sympathy with him. Sir Willard Lawson is never so humorous as when he is in earnest. He went to the Naval Review, and then he dictated a letter to the *Westminster Gazette*. "What is it for?" he inquired. "What is the British Navy for!" He seemed to think this question a poser. I think it is far easier to answer than the conundrum, "What is Sir Willard Lawson for?" What useful purpose is served by his existence? And what is the good of a constituency which sends to Parliament a man who does not understand the utility of a great naval armament for England? If there were many Willard Lawsons in the House of Commons, the peculiar behaviour of the Lord Chamberlain to the legislators who tried to see the Queen at Buckingham Palace would have a good deal of justification.

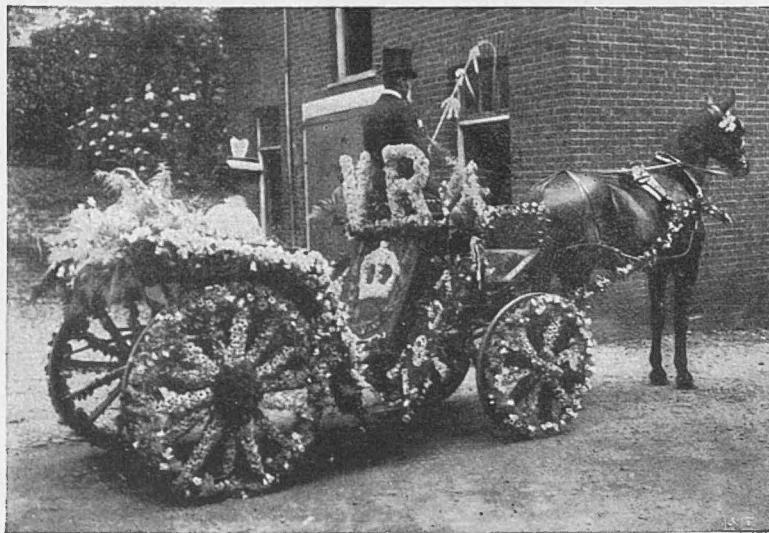


A TYPICAL MENU OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES' JUBILEE FEAST.



SOME OF THE QUEEN'S GUESTS AT THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDEN PARTY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EMPIRE STREET, S.W.

Among the many provincial celebrations few can have been carried out with more success than that held in the parish of Cheshunt. Situated some twelve miles from London, and historically famous as containing within its bounds Theobald's Park, a favourite royal residence in the reigns of the Stuarts, and Cheshunt Great House, one of the



MISS CROCKER'S VICTORIA AT CHESHUNT.

country-seats of Cardinal Wolsey, the district still affords much that is of the deepest interest. Not only may the visitor renew his acquaintance with old Temple Bar, which now stands as the main entrance to Theobald's Park, the seat of Sir Henry Meux; not only may he see the noble fifteenth-century church of St. Mary, Cheshunt, a fine sample of the Perpendicular style, with its beautifully restored interior; not only may he gaze with veneration upon the old Eleanor Cross of Waltham, and the aged oak which gave its name to the village of Goff's Oak; but he will find himself suddenly in the centre of one of England's newest industries. In the valley of the Lea, with a background of well-wooded rising ground, he will come upon literally miles of glass, under which are grown annually tons of tomatoes, grapes, and cucumbers, for the markets of great Britain, and palms, flowers, and hothouse plants unrivalled throughout the kingdom. Naturally, in such a home of flowers, a floral fête was held to be an appropriate feature in the Jubilee celebrations. Some idea of the splendour of the show may be got from the picture of the victoria of Miss Crocker, which took the first prize for four-wheeled carriages. The Aberdeen people, as you will note by the picture, wreathed their streets, Burns surveying the scene with wonder.

The excellent Jubilee arrangements have won golden opinions, but there have, unfortunately, been certain mismanagements in connection with this national celebration that might have been easily avoided. Among these the palm may, perhaps, be given to the authorities at the Mint with regard to the Jubilee Medals. There has been considerable difficulty in obtaining those required by the public, and many loyal folks were unable to obtain specimens by June 22. Even as late as June 29 there were but few of the large silver medals, the cost of which is ten shillings, and which, in spite of the



HOW BURNS SURVEYED THE JUBILEE DECORATIONS.

Photo by A. Wilkie, Aberdeen.

somewhat leaden colour given to the metal, are certainly handsome and weighty coins. Up to the date mentioned none of the bronze medals had been issued, and it would seem that the delay in furnishing these is likely to be prolonged. This seems a pity, as a well-struck bronze medal is very effective, and the price of these, four shillings, puts them well within the reach of a multitude of people who do not care to pay a higher price and to whom the shilling

silver medal does not commend itself, being, as a matter of fact, somewhat insignificant. The thirteen-pound gold medal is a magnificent coin, and as it weighs between eleven and twelve sovereigns, and is, I believe, of a finer gold than these, it is by no means dear at the price; but we are not all fortunate enough to be able to spend thirteen pounds on a memento of the Record Reign. Considering the time the Mint has had for preparation, this difficulty with regard to supply, at which there is much grumbling, might surely have been avoided.

One of my most pleasurable recollections is the great Naval Review of August 1889, in honour of the German Emperor. It was arranged for Saturday, Aug. 3, but that day is memorable from the fact that Queen's weather did not prevail; indeed, so pitilessly did it rain, so hard did it blow, that it would have been almost impossible to get in and out of Portsmouth Harbour. The review was postponed to the Monday, the Bank Holiday. The early morning, I remember, broke wet and windy; but the weather cleared about nine o'clock, and when the Queen on board the royal yacht steamed down the lines it was as glorious a sailing day as can be imagined. I thought then that I should never see a more imposing spectacle, but it was certainly surpassed by the Diamond Jubilee Review. Many special correspondents have attempted to describe this vast array of vessels—vessels of war, vessels of commerce, vessels of pleasure—but they have attempted to describe the indescribable. As to the spectacle presented by the illumination of the ships, I do not think our most picturesque writer could for a moment give anyone who had not been present the faintest notion of this truly magnificent spectacle. My only regret was that the fatiguing functions which the Queen had attended prevented her making the central figure in a picture which must have inspired her with pride and gratification.

When Mr. Balfour advised the Commons and their better-halves of the Queen's invitation to Windsor on Saturday afternoon, my mind reverted naturally to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and a certain picture of Sir John Gilbert's making, in which Anne Page is found



THE FLEET AT NIGHT.

before Slender with the question: "Will't please your worship to come in, sir?" It is an incident that Mr. Gilbert might have treated in this wise—

The Commons longed to see the Queen
In state on her golden throne,
With a crown instead
Of a hat on her head
Or a bonnet of sombre tone;
With a beautiful robe of regal sheen—
Perhaps with a sceptre, too,
With a splendid gem
Of a diadem,
And a train of purple hue.

Oh, 'tis a glorious thing, they ween,
To see a regular Royal Queen—
No half-and-half affair I mean,
But a right-down, regular Royal Queen.

They came in state to the royal gate,
And knocked at the Palace door;
But their ardour shrunk
When a gilded flunk
Disdainfully looked them o'er;
And they cooled their heels as they had to wait,
And crowded the royal hall,
Though they brought an address
To the Queen-Empress,
Who had loved to have seen them all.

So the Lobby squirmed at the flunkey's slight,
Though it knew that the grievous wrong
Which made it halt
Was never the fault
Of the Queen they had loved so long;
For she wrote they'd a right to their Sovereign's sight,
Instead of a passing peep.
The Commons trusty,
No longer crusty,
Were welcomed at Windsor Keep.

With never a flunk to intervene,
They viewed a regular Royal Queen,
And they with their wives had never seen
Such a right-down regular Royal Queen.

I give pictures of the Jubilee bonfires at Hampstead and Leckhampton, near Cheltenham, because they are typical of hundreds of others. "How to make a bonfire" will probably form in future the subject of one of Mr. Upcott Gill's manuals.

The Colonial troops have had a lively time during the week. The inspection of the fleet and the review on Laffan's Plain must have interested them greatly; but they will never forget their reception by the Queen at Windsor on Friday and their inspection by the Prince of Wales in town on Saturday.



THE HAMPSTEAD BONFIRE.

rearrangement of authority is in all respects satisfactory, and many of last year's errors, which were inevitable under the circumstances, are now avoided. I should not feel one bit insulted if anybody gave me a boxful of shares in the Exhibitions, Limited. In fact, I would accept them and not grumble at paying transfer-fees.

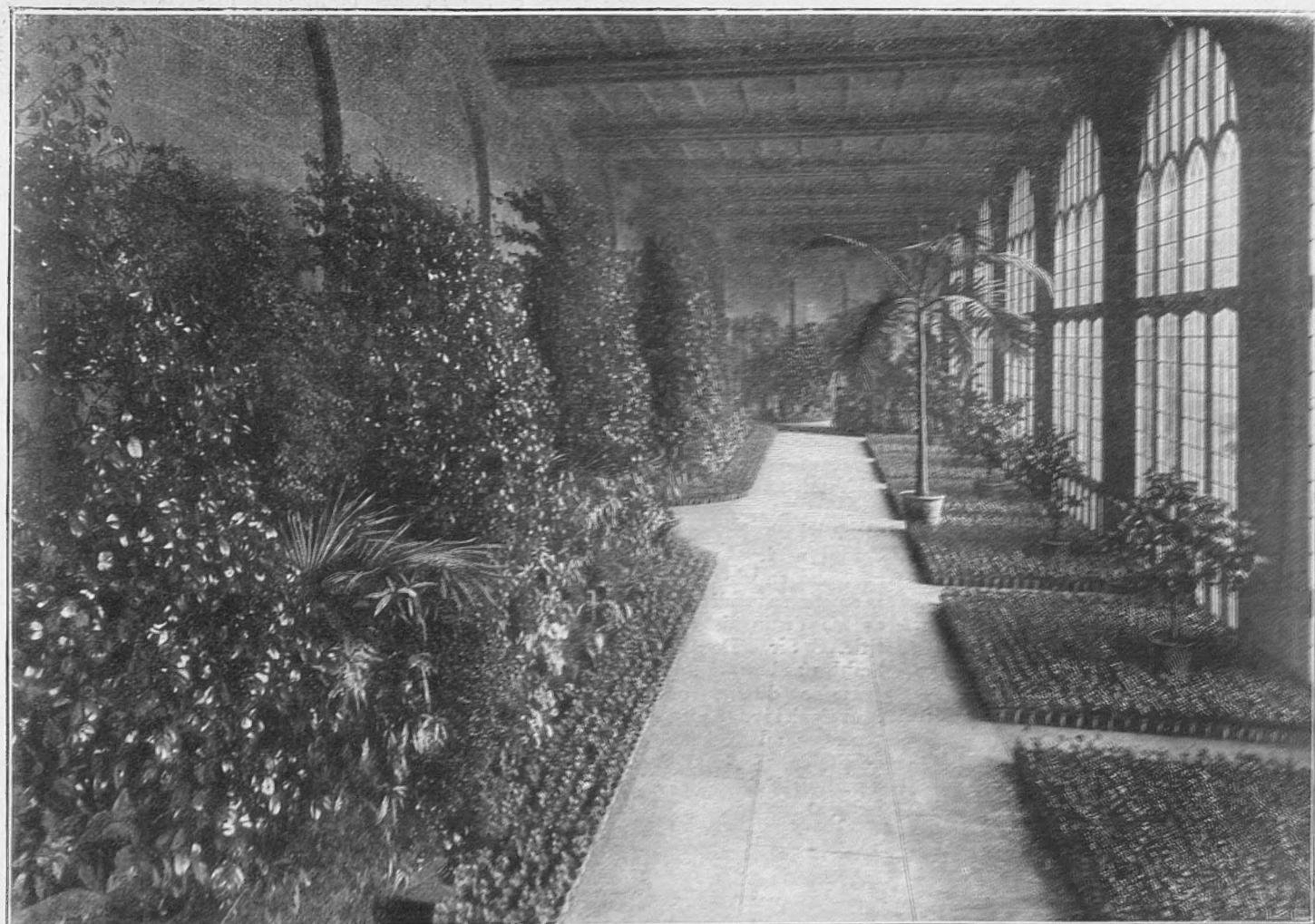
Some of the daily papers have declared that the manner in which the 'buses arbitrarily raised their fares during Jubilee week recoiled upon themselves, through the indignation of the public, who boycotted these useful vehicles. This statement sounds very well, but I doubt if it is borne out by facts. I rode a good deal in and on 'buses during the period of raised fares, and although I can hardly defend a policy

which induced one company to make their minimum fare sixpence even when Diamond Day had passed, yet I learned from very many conductors whom I cross-examined that their takings had been averaging as much as four pounds a-day more than usual, and that comparatively few passengers were deterred from riding by the exalted fares. Certainly I heard one old lady argue the point nearly the whole way along Piccadilly, and then get out, having triumphantly achieved a considerable journey for nothing; and I also had the pleasure of observing a gentleman in Fleet Street—who looked like a lawyer, and a nasty one—cross-examine the conductor as to "legal contracts with the passengers," and eventually decide to walk, in spite of a drenching shower and no umbrella; but these two instances were the only ones which came under my notice, and my impression is that the public were in too good a temper in the vast majority of cases to trouble themselves about the matter. At the same time, the raising of the fares must have fallen heavily on poor people on their way to and from work, and it can hardly be considered a graceful act on the part of the companies. Still, I don't fancy it was unbusinesslike.

The setting of the "Jubilee Ode" of Clement Scott and the music to the rest of "Under One Flag" at the Empire still further vindicate the great gifts of M. Wenzel. It must be very difficult for a musician whose work runs so much in one groove to turn with any success to the more severe form required by cantata music, but the talented director of the Empire orchestra scores a signal success. The music of "Monte Cristo" has been published by Chappell and Co., of Bond Street, and admirers of ballet will be delighted with it. There is so much melody and so much music that the book stands far above the "comic-opera" level. Every action in the ballet has distinct and definite musical interpretation, and therein M. Wenzel shows a rare knowledge of the possibilities of the modern orchestra.



THE LECKHAMPTON HILL BONFIRE.



THE ORANGERY AT WINDSOR CASTLE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WOODBURY PERMANENT PHOTO PRINTING COMPANY.

By the way, one of the most peculiar incidents of the celebrations was the audacious escapade of a well-known sculptor. On the Monday afternoon there was to be seen driving about the West End a copper-coloured personage, presumably an American Indian, with feather in hair and blanket thrown round his shoulders. This interesting individual, who was the source of immense amusement and excitement to the crowds, was no other than the sculptor in question, one of whose principal works has been a monument in memory of a famous Redskin. It would have been more in the picture if, instead of smoking a cigarette, he had been puffing away majestically at a calumet.

With reference to a recent note, I might point out that Victoria, as a Christian name, has not been unknown in other countries. In Gaul, in the third century A.D., there was the mother of the usurper Victorinus, Aurelia Victoria or Victoria, who put herself at the head of her son's legions, and was hailed as "Mater Castrorum." In later days the name has been famous in Italy. Not to speak of the "White Devil" of John Webster's gruesome play, *Vittoria Corombona*, we meet with that stainless historical personage, the poetess Vittoria or Vettoria Colonna, the relict of the warrior Marquis of Pescara, whom she mourned for many years. In a sort of catalogue of the most beautiful, learned, and fashionable ladies of sixteenth-century Italy, I find the name given to scions of the illustrious houses of Gonzaga, Parmese, and Piccolomini. I take from the same catalogue such oddities as Calidonia, Cleofe, and Palemia, which may fitly be compared with the strange baptismal appellation of Tatiana just bestowed upon the Czar's infant daughter.

Not the least amusing item in connection with the Jubilee came under my notice the other day. It was in a weekly newspaper purporting to represent three counties, and ran thus—

THE VOLUNTEERS AT THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

The three men chosen to represent the C Company of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment in assisting in keeping the streets in London on Jubilee Day were Lance-Corporal Brown and Privates Jones and Robinson. They left here for London on Monday night and were stationed near London Bridge. They returned on Wednesday afternoon.

This was the only piece of news under the rather pretentious heading. I suppress the name of the regiment, also the real names of the men who kept the streets—or rather, held the bridge—as they seem to have received sufficient honour without further advertisement.

The Record Reign, the parade of the Bloomsbury Rifles in the grounds of the Foundling Hospital in celebration of their centenary, and the sixtieth birthday of the corporate existence of the National Lancers of Boston, Massachusetts, are events that may appropriately be bracketed together. The Bloomsbury Volunteers were first enrolled in the days of the great Buonaparte, and their red-coated New England kinsmen, the Boston Lancers, besides furnishing companies for the Northern forces in the Civil War and keeping order in other troubled times, have during these sixty years acted as escort to many distinguished personages, including eleven Presidents and the Prince of Wales.

Master Cecil F. A. Walker, who is twelve and a-half, is the youngest boy at Eton. He and five other boys were presented to the Queen in

Windsor Castle after the torchlight procession which took place in the Quadrangle last Friday week.

There is a certain fitness in the title Lord Glencoe, by which the new peer, Sir Donald Alexander Smith, will henceforth be known. Like Sir Algernon Berthwick, who took his title from his estate of Glenesk, in Midlothian, Sir Donald has chosen the historic glen, which he purchased a few years ago, and on which he is erecting a residence, as his distinguishing title. Sir Donald Smith was born in the Speyside district of Morayshire, and possesses all the indomitable pluck and "pushful" characteristics of his kin. He went to Canada in early life, and attained the position, which he

Montreal he has erected and endowed a College for Women. Like his distinguished compatriot, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Lord Glencoe spends a portion of every year in Scotland.

The statue of the Queen which has been executed by Mr. John Cassidy for the city of Belfast was unveiled on Saturday. The figure alone is over eight feet in height, and is in the finest Portland stone. It now stands in front of the New Victoria School in the City of Linens, and represents Queen Victoria proffering peace to coming generations.

The *World* prints the following in its last issue—

A silly story about the Queen having once given a Bible to an Indian Chief, and at the same time informing him that "this is the secret of England's greatness," has been revived. It is the purest fiction, although for half a century it has been complacently related by thousands of preachers and school-teachers. I believe, indeed, that there is a picture extant in which the scene is depicted by some imaginative artist, the Queen and Prince Albert standing with an aspect of funeral gloom, while a gorgeously arrayed negro of the "Uncle Tom" type receives the Bible, kneeling, from her Majesty's hands.

The *Westminster Gazette* asks for the authority of the *World* for its assertion that this story

is fiction. The illustration referred to had, in any case, an enormous vogue, and is, indeed, reprinted in the Jubilee Number of the *Queen* newspaper. The best possible contradiction is the popular belief in the common-sense of her Majesty. The suggestion is so obviously foolish and contrary to fact that it is time, in any case, that the story was exploded and that Sunday-school teachers found some other pabulum to assist their ministrations.

The Summer Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, which will be held at the Botanic Gardens to-morrow and Friday, promises to eclipse its predecessors Ranelagh and Holland Park in the number of fashionable exhibitors. Among those ladies whose entries are already sent in are the names of the Duchess of Bedford, Princess Sophie Duleep Singh, the Countess of Cavan, Lady Arthur Grosvenor, Lady Sophie Scott, Lady Catherine Somerset, Lady Kathleen Pilkington, the Lady Burton, Lady Susan Byng, Lady Catheart, Lady Evelyn Ewart, and Lady Ingram. The Princess of Wales is also exhibiting.

There is an undoubted boom in Shakspere at present, from the new volume (L.I.) of "The Dictionary of National Biography," where Mr. Sidney Lee biographs the bard, down to the school-girl. Thus, when the pupils of the Stamford School for Girls at Wallington, Surrey, gave a recital from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Carshalton, the other day, they were in the swim of the fashion. Miss Rita Leger was the Hippolyta, Miss May Toynbee the Hermia, Miss Mabel Sherwood the Helena, Miss Vera Leger Oberon, Miss Culpin Titania, while Misses Muriel Hicks, Rita Werner, Mildred Reay, Agnes Flint, and Christine Hicks forgot their sex in Theseus, Egeus, Lysander, Demetrius, and Bottom. The music was charming, and the show ended with an epilogue, in Shakspelian couplets, written for the occasion.

Can it be that American Anglomania is on the decline? Ten packages of cigarettes, with the crest of the Duke of Marlborough on the wrappers, were sold at auction at the New York Barge Office recently, and the sale failed to attract a single callow youth with an ambition to test the Duke's taste in smoking. The cigarettes were sent from London by a friend while the Duke was in America, and he did not claim them. They were purchased by an elderly man, who paid sixteen dollars for them, which was four dollars less than their appraised value.

The *Tunastria* of the Leyland line, which sailed from Boston the other week for Liverpool with a cargo of cattle, had on board a gang of "cow-punchers," consisting of seventeen Harvard students, two from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one from Princeton University, and one Boston Latin School man. They all engaged to go on the steamer and act as cattlemen just for a lark, but the trip was planned so that they might be present at some of the Jubilee festivities. They get five dollars for their services during the trip.

By arrangement with Mr. Joseph Williams, whose position in the matter is well known, some of the pieces in the German Reed repertory are to be revived this summer at Brighton and other watering-places. Creditably cast, the old St. George's Hall "entertainments," with "illustrations," ought to please many seekers for harmless amusement.



NEW STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT BELFAST.—JOHN CASSIDY.



THE YOUNGEST BOY AT ETON.

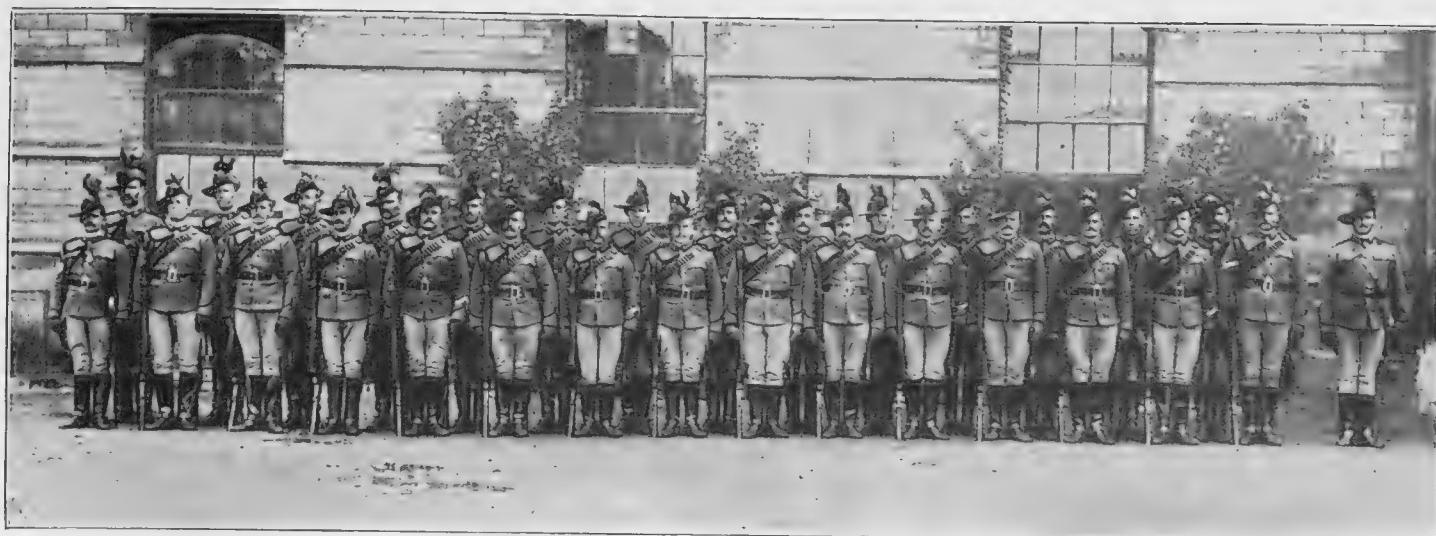
Photo by Mayer, Dresden.

has held for some time now, of Governor of the Hudson Bay Company. With all the great railway enterprises in the Dominion Sir Donald has been associated, is President of the Bank of Montreal, and Chancellor of McGill University—the largest in Canada—and in

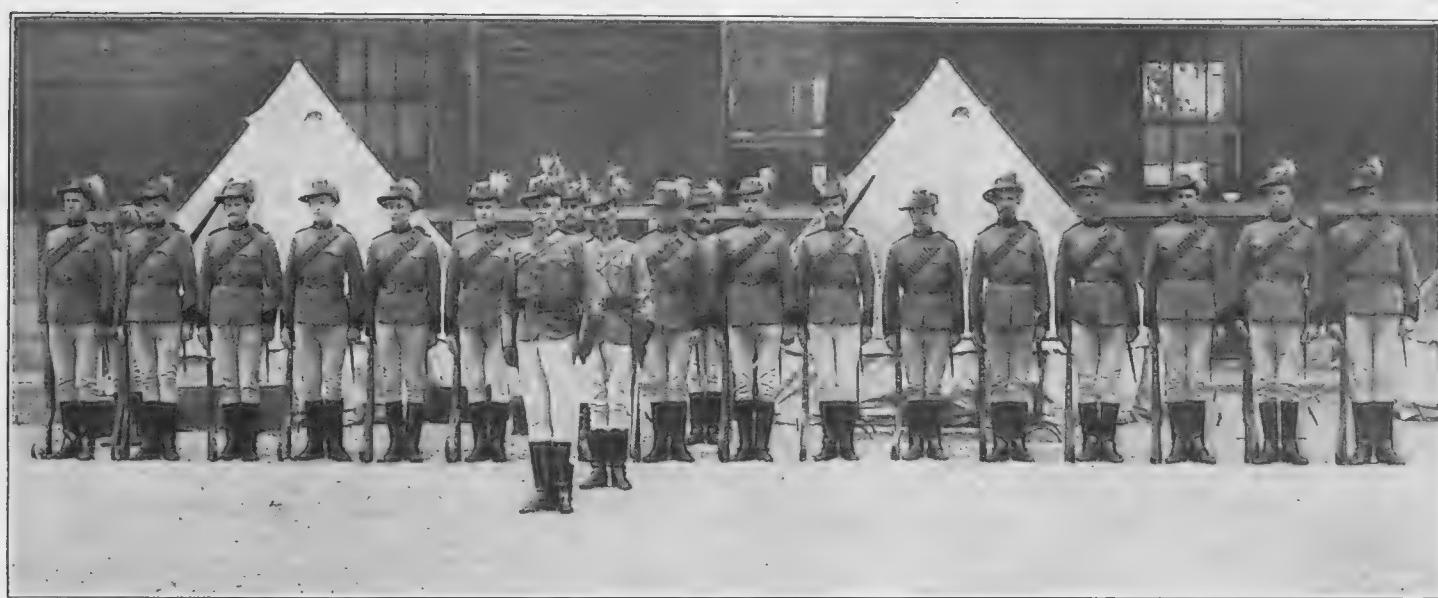
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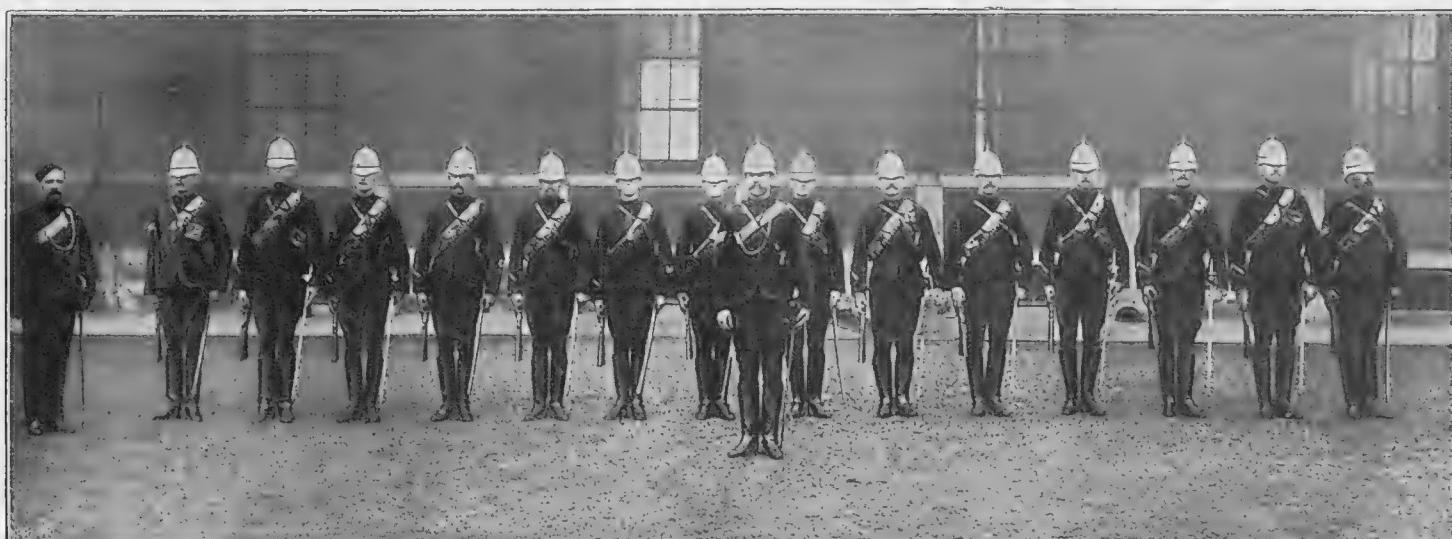
SONS OF THE EMPIRE.



NEW SOUTH WALES MOUNTED RIFLES.



QUEENSLAND MOUNTED RIFLES.



CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

The political heads of the fighting departments had by no means a time of repose during the Jubilee celebrations. On them rested the responsibility for the reviews at Spithead and Aldershot. Mr. Goschen enjoyed the occasion. Power and responsibility come naturally to a statesman of his temperament and experience. "The old man of the sea" was jocularly alluded to in a Budget speech by the Chancellor of



Capt. H. Wilson. Lieut.-Col. Powell. Lt. J. Hay.
SOME AUSTRALIAN OFFICERS.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

the Exchequer. Mr. Goschen is the old man of the Treasury Bench as well as of the sea. He held office under Earl Russell. Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's diary of July 1, 1863, bears the following entry: "Crawford, the member for the City, gives a large Parliamentary dinner to introduce Goschen, who has just come into the House." He was a member fully five years before Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister. It is more than a quarter of a century since he first became the head of the Admiralty. "There was no small hubbub," as Mr. White, the father of "Mark Rutherford," records in his sketches of the House of Commons, when Mr. Gladstone promoted him in the spring of 1871 to that important post. He speedily, however, justified his appointment. In a *Punch* cartoon he was depicted "getting his sea-legs." After being only about three weeks at the Admiralty he had to submit the Naval Estimates to the House of Commons, and he did his work, as was confessed at the time, "surpassingly well." Several members of long experience declared that they had never heard a more clear and intelligible statement.

Many events happened in Mr. Goschen's career between his first experience of the Admiralty and his present headship of that department. Now he serves with those whom he formerly opposed. He begins to look old, stooping a good deal in his walk, and he takes little part nowadays in general debate. Yet he shows no lack of administrative energy. On the contrary, the present position of the Navy, which made so gallant a show at Spithead, is due, in great measure, to the zeal and resource of the First Lord. He is surrounded by young men in whose company he takes pleasure. Mr. Macartney has proved himself an energetic Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, and in the Civil

Lord, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Goschen has found a promising colleague, while his own son, who, like himself, sports a single eyeglass, forms an unofficial member of the Admiralty set. With the young men Mr. Goschen may sometimes be seen conversing behind the Speaker's Chair in a free and friendly fashion.

Mr. W. T. Stead, theosophist, Novikoffist, and sundry other "ists," has distinguished himself by more than usual silliness in the preparation of an album entitled "Notables of Britain," in which will be found some two hundred portraits of people whom Mr. Stead counts for notables. The photographs are indifferently processed or printed, and are of all sizes and shapes. An artistic presentation of the so-called notables cannot clearly be claimed for Mr. Stead's book. A week in the office of an illustrated newspaper would have taught him that there is some art in balancing portraits intended to face one another. The book considered from another standpoint is merely a reflection of Mr. Stead's prejudices and partialities. There is no attempt at a careful selection of the most prominent men and women of the day. Of course, we have the inevitable Josephine Butler, and the equally inevitable Lady Henry Somerset, as examples of the women of the Empire. The leader of the Irish Nationalists, Mr. Dillon, is absent, although Mr. Redmond appears. The most striking poet of the day—that is to say, of the younger generation—Mr. W. B. Yeats, is not represented, and of the older men one searches in vain for the author of "Festus" and for Mr. Aubrey de Vere. In journalism we find Mr. E. T. Cook, of the *Daily News*, and Sir Edward Russell, of the *Liverpool Post*; but no other editors. The absence of Mr. Massingham, of the *Daily Chronicle*, is, of course, explainable after Mr. Stead's foolish attack upon that gentleman; but why the *Daily News* and not the *Standard* and *Daily Telegraph*? Why the editor of the *Liverpool Post* and not the editors of the far greater journals, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Scotsman*? Why is the most successful newspaper manipulator of the day, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, absent? Why, with Mr. Stead's supposed belief in the Press, do we fail to find the most influential journalist in Nonconformity, Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll? Why, in fiction, do we find Mr. Hall Caine, and not Dr. Conan Doyle? But probably the answer is found in Mr. Hall Caine's quotation, under his signature: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"—an obvious compliment to Mr. Stead.

In point of numbers, the review of the troops by the Queen on Laffan's Plain last Thursday was but a secondary show; in point of representativeness, it was unequalled in the history of Aldershot. The first to march past were the Colonials, 1041 strong, who then took up a position and watched the regular troops. These consisted of three batteries of Royal Horse Artillery, seven cavalry regiments, the Mounted Infantry, six field-batteries, eight sections of Royal Engineers, thirty-four battalions of infantry, the Army Service Corps, and Medical Staff Corps. After the cavalry had galloped past, the infantry, having been re-formed in quarter column, facing the Queen, advanced in review order and gave the royal salute. The Duke of Connaught called for three cheers for the Queen, which nearly eight-and-twenty thousand throats shouted exultingly, while hats and helmets were waved aloft. The total numbers on parade were 27,359 men, 5029 horses, and 57 guns.



THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

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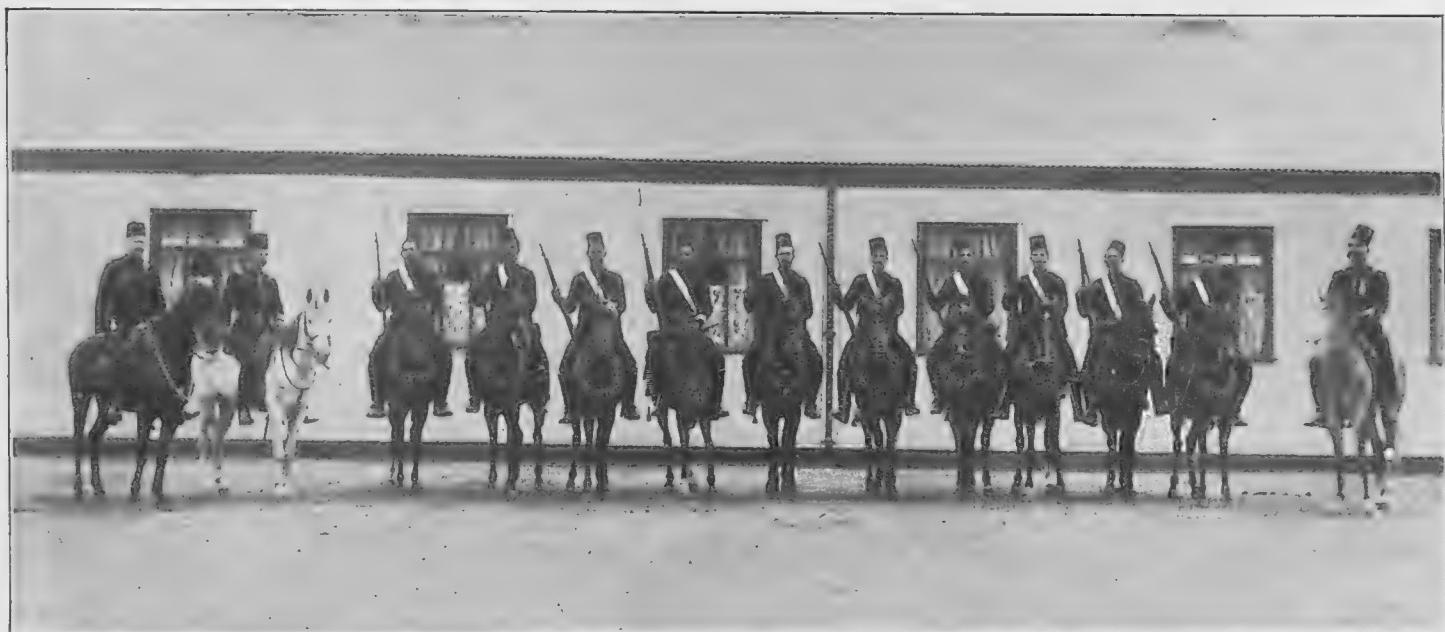
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SONS OF THE EMPIRE.



NORTH BORNEO POLICE.



CYPRUS MILITARY POLICE.



CEYLON MOUNTED INFANTRY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

CANADA'S ROMANCE.*

It has been said that one of the great problems before British peoples is to make their Empire interesting to its citizens. How far we are as yet from solving that problem may be judged from two or three significant facts. One is the startling fact that of the thirty or forty British Ministers and ex-Ministers, who so readily assume the task of governing these vast territories, only two or three have taken the trouble to pay even a flying visit to the outlying portions of the Empire whose destinies they control. Another tell-tale fact is that two English writers of the standing of Mr. Lecky and Sir Henry Maine have been able to enlarge on the great democratic movements of the times without a suspicion of the lessons to be drawn from the experiences of such colonies as New Zealand and Canada. A third fact is, that, unless Board of Trade returns are utterly fallacious—as they may well be—five out of every eight emigrating Britons continue to prefer non-British to British lands when transferring their labour and capital to new soil. And, if these facts suggest the practical indifference of the Briton at home to the Briton abroad, what shall be said of the task before those who would make Canadians, Australians, and South Africans realise their common kinship and interest in one another? The pageants and festivities of this Commemoration Year are great events from this point of view, of making the Empire interesting to its citizens, and, from the same point of view, such works as Dr. Bourinot's "Canada," in "The Story of the Nations" series, are of national importance and interest.

It is a very romantic tale that Dr. Bourinot has to tell, and I know no Canadian writer who could tell it with keener sympathy and wider knowledge than the erudite Clerk of the Canadian House of Commons. He takes us back at the outset to the dawn of discovery in Canada, to the hazy legends of Norse visits to the "Land of Vines," which may be a part of Cape Breton or a corner of New England. Then follows a long procession of Breton and Biscayan sailors, of explorers, gentlemen-adventurers, and pioneers like Cabot, Jacques Cartier, and Champlain; devoted missionaries of the Cross like Brebeuf, whose zeal for Mother Church was only heightened by most diabolical Indian tortures; statesmen and courtiers of old France like Frontenac, Talon, and the odious Bigot; gallant soldiers like Montcalm and our own Wolfe; and, finally, the more prosaic men who nursed Canada through her puling infancy, and, thirty years ago, put her in the ranks of future nations by the act of confederation. It is a picturesque procession, and Dr. Bourinot's skilful handling should make the average English reader, to whom Parkman is unknown, appreciate as he has never before done that Canada is a land with a past as well as a future. Of that past he learns something every year through play and novel and historical treatise, and the store of romance is well-nigh inexhaustible in the archives which that veteran friend of the historian, Mr. Douglas Brymner, has, under successive Ministries, been gradually accumulating in the Parliamentary Buildings at Ottawa.

As one reads Dr. Bourinot's narrative of the century of French rule in Canada, one realises afresh why, despite courage, enterprise, and sometimes real statesmanship, French colonisation proved so disastrous a failure. Voltaire, we know, made merry over the fall of Quebec, and less emotional Frenchmen have declared the defeat of Montcalm on the heights of Abraham to be one of the crowning mercies of French-Canadian history. And why? Experience has shown that natural conditions were at least as favourable to successful colonisation on the north as on the south of the forty-ninth parallel, and there is no thriftier small husbandman than Jean Baptiste. Men like Champlain, Talon, and Frontenac were statesmen of a high order, and, if French Kings and Ministers at home were indifferent, what shall be said of such English rulers of Colonial destinies as the Duke of Newcastle? Yet, when

France and England met for the final struggle at Quebec, the thirteen colonies of New England were thriving communities with a population of a million and a quarter, while Canada and Louisiana together could not muster eighty thousand inhabitants. Here is one potent reason for the contrast. "While," says Dr. Bourinot, "the townsfolk of Massachusetts were discussing affairs in towns-meetings, the French inhabitants of Canada were never allowed to take part in public assemblies, but were taught to depend in the most trivial matters on a paternal Government." The patriotic dream of a mighty Empire for France in the New World ended in miserable failure for want of that self-reliance and active thought and enterprise which no abundance of gold lace, ribbons, ornamental swords, and slouched hats imported from France could supply. England left her colonists to work out their own future; France smothered hers in an alien and often corrupt paternalism.

For the rest, Dr. Bourinot makes an interesting, if necessarily hasty, survey of the political struggles of French and English Canada, which culminated in confederation. He speaks of the way in which the fur-trader paved the way for civilised government in the vast prairie-country in the West, and concludes with a charming picture of the habitant of the valley of the St. Lawrence, with his old-world legends and *chansons*, his *fêtes d'obligation*, and his simple ways. But even here the spirit of unrest is breaking in upon quaint mediaevalism, and Mr. Laurier may yet prove to be the political and social regenerator of his native Province. P. A. H.



DR. BOURINOT.

Photo by Topley, Ottawa.

"DRACULA."

"I sometimes think we must all be mad, and that we shall wake to sanity in strait waistcoats," writes one of the diarists in "Dracula" (Archibald Constable and Co.), and prosaic people will probably think that all the diaries which tell the wondrous tale ought to have been dated from the private lunatic asylum whereof this diarist was doctor. Those, however, who enjoy the supernatural in fiction will find Mr. Bram Stoker's last novel of blood-curdling interest. The keynote of the novel is struck upon our first introduction to Count Dracula—a Transylvanian vampire of many centuries' standing—who is discovered to us studying "Bradshaw" by day, but by night crawling head-downwards, like a lizard, a sheer precipice of a thousand feet in order to forage for live babies to feed therewith three lady vampires

of surpassing loveliness. The incongruity between a daily study of "Bradshaw" and a nightly forage for the supply of blood for this hellish brood, prepares us for the vampire's migration to England to drain there the life-blood of the heroine. He embarks with fifty cases of consecrated earth—into any one of which he can retire at night, or when hard-pressed—slays the crew of the vessel during the voyage, and runs her finally ashore under the East Cliff at Whitby. At Whitby there is a terrible fight between the vampire and the heroine's suitors and doctors for her life, the vampire draining from her by night the blood which her suitors and her doctors transfused from their own veins into hers by day. The vampire conquers. The heroine not only dies, but becomes herself a vampire, and preys upon every child which strays on Hampstead Heath, until one of her doctors induces one of her suitors to open her tomb and coffin, and drive a stake through her body. The original vampire, in revenge, marks down another heroine as his prey, and the result is a prolonged and desperate fight to the death between him and the doctors and suitors. With the help of the Host, which effectively prevents the vampire from taking refuge in the cases of consecrated earth, they drive Dracula back to his native land, follow him thither, and finally despatch him, and impale the bodies of his vampire harem. In a word, "Dracula" is a thrilling supernatural romance, which those who surrender themselves to Mr. Bram Stoker's hypnotic influence—and it is difficult to withstand it—must find absorbing.

SONS OF THE EMPIRE



THE WEST INDIA REGIMENT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.



BERMUDA ROYAL ARTILLERY AND HONG-KONG ROYAL ENGINEERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LASCELLES, FITZROY STREET, W.

TO THE TWO POLES.

Here are the two hardy explorers who will soon be making a combined attack on the Poles. On Saturday, Lieutenant Peary, having obtained leave of absence for five years from the United States Naval authorities, will set out from Boston on a preliminary jaunt northwards, and, as soon as he can raise the necessary funds, Mr. Borchgrevink will go south from

Melbourne, Australia, and see if he cannot get nearer the Antarctic Pole than Sir James Clark Ross did fifty-six years ago. Mr. Borchgrevink's idea is also to prove the commercial possibilities of this practically unexplored southern region. Of the two schemes, Lieutenant Peary's is the one which just now will excite most interest, because it is to be put into execution at once, though, with great deliberation, it follows closely on the heels of Nansen's splendid effort, and is coincident in large measure with M. André's balloon adventure Polewards. Lieutenant Peary is a modest American. A thoroughly cultured naval officer, having his home near the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where his duties are performed, he is a man who talks little but thinks a lot, and there is no doubt that this time he

the supplies will be brought up from the last station, enough will be left for the return trip, and the rest taken on to another station. Thus there will be a string of provisioned stations in the wake of the travellers. The final station will be at the most northerly point of land Lieutenant Peary can find. He won't trust to the ice for the location of any stations. At the edge of the land he will take three or four Esquimaux assistants and make a final dash for the Pole. With exceptionally favourable conditions, Lieutenant Peary hopes to return home at the end of 1899; but if the conditions are unfavourable, he will wait till the next year, and the next and next if necessary. He sets out now with the determination to reach the Pole at any cost. "If the Pole is to be reached at all, it will be by this route," he says in all confidence, and the good wishes of people of all countries will go with the intrepid young American in his hazardous venture.

ROBERT C. BURT.



LIEUTENANT PEARY.
Photo by H. H. Bennett, New York.

will come nearer to the successful realisation of his plans than ever before. Those who have heard Lieutenant Peary lecture affirm that his vocation in life is the platform. He has a winning, a polished, and a highly eloquent style of oratory, and that most astute and experienced of lecture managers, Major J. B. Bird, has vainly held out all sorts of temptations to the intrepid explorer to induce him to forsake the fascination of the ice-cap and the Esquimaux, and take up lecturing as a profession. But Lieutenant Peary's heart is in Greenland, the Sherard Osborne Fjord, and the northward track to the Pole.

He is a great favourite with the Esquimaux, and possesses their confidence—probably the first man from warmer climes who was ever thus successful. He won the affection of these curious people in an interesting manner. "When I first went to Whale Sound," he says, "I knew the nature of these people, and also their condition. They were in a state of great poverty. The tribe numbered two hundred and fifty, and in the whole country there were but six canoes. They had plenty of skins with which to make canoes, but no wood for the framework. Wood is a very precious article in the Arctic regions. So scarce was it with this tribe that to make one harpoon-shaft they were compelled to join several little pieces together. They had no tools, and their fishing-tackle and other implements were of the crudest kind. Upon my next trip I took up several thousand feet of lumber, also strong shaft-poles for their harpoons, firearms and ammunition, axes and other implements that they had never possessed before. I have worked hard to improve the condition of these people. In return I have their confidence, and they are ready to follow me to the utmost parts of the North. Their assistance is of incalculable value in this undertaking."

Lieutenant Peary's plan this time is to form the Esquimaux into movable villages. He will pick the bravest and strongest of them, and will allow their wives and families to go with them, because the men get lonesome, irritable, and discontented when they are separated from their families for long. The women will be useful in making and mending the skin clothes, in cooking, and looking after the camp. The explorer's idea is to form these people into a village and keep pushing ahead with them. Sherard Osborne Fjord will be the site of the permanent camp, to which a relief-ship will go every year with supplies. From this camp Lieutenant Peary will push on in the summer of next year northward, and he hopes to make ten miles a day. Every few days the men will stop and build a little village of snow-block huts, shaped like bee-hives;



MR. BORCHGREVINK.
Photo by Hamm, New York.

A SOLDIER OF WATERLOO.

There are very few people who remember the Battle of Waterloo, and fewer still who took part in the famous encounter, and these stray survivors are scattered over the wide world. Perhaps one of the most interesting of these veterans is John Henry Beard, who at Lynn, Massachusetts, received his honourable discharge from Sir Julian Pauncefote on the day of the Diamond Jubilee, when he was the specially honoured guest of the Englishmen of Massachusetts. Mr. Beard is ninety-seven years of age, and has led a dramatic and romantic life, the crowning glory of which is that he fought with Wellington. He was born Nov. 15, 1800, in London, and his people for many generations had been soldiers, his father being Colonel of the 66th English Regiment at the time of his birth. For fifteen years—all his childhood—he lived with the soldiers, and watched them drill day after day, and he was a soldier in every fibre. All his little playmates were soldiers, and the ramparts were their playground. They played at war, and their favourite pastime was to charge up a hill with an imaginary Napoleon at the top, for the "Little Corporal" was the terror of all Europe, and to the boys of the day he was a creature with horns.

When the boy Beard was fifteen there was a great demand for soldiers, and with numerous other boys of his age he was enlisted in the Regular Army; but, being a Colonel's son, he had the privilege of choosing any regiment, and he naturally selected that under the command of his father, becoming, a few days after his fifteenth birthday, a member of the 66th Regiment, in which were soldiers tried by many battles, some having but just returned from America, where they had taken part in the War of 1812, only a few recruits being in the corps, and these were given bitterly hard tasks to do. Mr. Beard says that he remembers them distinctly, and that, in spite of his being the Colonel's son, he was obliged to live in barracks and share the drudgery.

The first time that he was detailed as guard he found it a hard task indeed to walk up and down all night and keep awake. He was faithful, however, and his father tried him by approaching noiselessly in the early morning; but the boy cried "Halt!" and showed the Colonel he was doing his duty as a soldier even though he was but a boy.

A very short time after his enlisting, the 66th Regiment was ordered to the Continent to join the Allied Armies against Napoleon. After landing in Belgium the boy suffered very great fatigue, for he was made to march with soldiers accustomed to years of hard marching, and to-day Mr. Beard says that the fatigue is the most distinct of all his memories.

When the English forces were ordered to march to the front, the boy soldier was in the front ranks, and remembers the excitement he felt with keenest pleasure. He was wounded there in the hip and was carried to the rear, and, after the battle was over, he saw Napoleon ride past on his retreat, surrounded by his men. He says the great General's face wore a look of terrible set sadness, and even in the glory of his own great General's victory he could not help feeling much pity for the vanquished hero.

The young soldier's wound was slight, and when the regiment was ordered to Quebec, shortly after Waterloo, he was able to accompany it. It was while in Canada that he asked a few days' leave of absence and went into the States, never returning to his regiment, which accounts for his discharge now after eighty years.

He married in Richmond, Maine, and that is still his home, his visits to Lynn being to his daughter. He became a citizen of the United States in 1835, yet has remained an Englishman at heart always. In 1840 he visited England, and soon after his arrival in Liverpool experienced a dramatic situation worthy of stageland. There was a military parade in the city, and he watched with a soldier's interest the regiments passing by. A halt was called in one regiment, and when the commanding officer turned Mr. Beard recognised his father, whom he thought dead, and the Colonel recognised his son. The meeting was very affecting.

After the death of his father, a few months later, Mr. Beard returned to America. He is hale and hearty, and in full command of all his faculties, his memory being especially keen about things that took place in his youth. His hair is white, and his eyes clear and brilliant, and he walks with an erect, military bearing in spite of his seven-and-ninety years.

SONS OF THE EMPIRE.



JAMAICA AND ST. GEORGE ROYAL ARTILLERY.



SIERRA LEONE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LASCELLES, FITZROY STREET, W.



MR. FRANK COOPER AS THE SWEETHEART OF MADAME SANS-GÈNE, AT THE LYCEUM.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD."

It was on Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1888, that Mr. D'Oyly Carte produced at the Savoy Theatre "The Yeomen of the Guard; or, The Merryman and his Maid," by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert. "Ruddigore" had



MR. DUDLEY HARDY'S NEW POSTER.

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followed "The Mikado," but its whimsicality was so tame after the brilliancy of the invention displayed in "The Mikado" that its career was brief. "The Yeomen of the Guard" was a new departure. Mr. Gilbert, for the first time in opera, became human, and the change was so welcome that the opera ran for several hundred nights. And he also struck out in another new line by opening the opera with a solo instead of a chorus, for, when the curtain rises on Tower Green, Phœbe Meryll, in the language of play-billism, is "discovered" spinning, to the sad refrain of the lovesick maiden, with her "Heigho!"—

'Tis but a little word,
So soft 'tis scarcely heard—
An idle breath;
Yet life and death
May hang upon a maid's "Heigho!"'

The background of the work came well within the knowledge of all Englishmen, and gave the opera a greater touch of real life than Castle Bunthorne or the Town of Titipu had done. On May 5 of this year the opera was revived, with many changes in the cast and one in the scenery. Hitherto both acts had been placed on Tower Green. Now the second act is the Tower viewed from the Wharf, beautifully painted by Mr. Hawes Craven; and, after the eye has got accustomed to the new exits and entrances, the change is a distinct improvement. The changes in the cast are many,

for only Miss Rosina Brandram as Dame Carruthers. Mr. Richard Temple as Sergeant Meryll, and Mr. Richards in the silent rôle of Headsman, remain in the bill. All the rest are new-comers. And yet the opera has never been more brilliantly produced than at present. The present writer has seen some twenty representations of "The Yeomen of the Guard," by Mr. Carte's London and provincial companies, and by amateurs; but, as a whole, the present revival seems the best. Never have the beautiful tenor songs been given with finer effect than by Mr. Charles Kenningham, who has done nothing better than Colonel Fairfax. Mr. H. A. Lytton, who has received such an excellent training with Mr. Carte's provincial forces, plays the part of Wilfred Shadbolt with keen humour, and Miss Florence Perry is excellent as Phœbe. True, Madame Pálmyay is far from the ideal Elsie Maynard, and Mr. Passmore, though he delights the house, is a modern Cockney disguised as a strolling player of the sixteenth century. The best Jack Point that has been seen is perhaps Mr. George Thorne. But, when all that is said, the present revival is very beautiful, and, in the midst of much melancholy "musical comedy," gives one hope for the future of English operatic music. Here are the two casts complete—

	Original Cast.	Present Cast.
The Lieutenant of the Tower	Mr. W. Brownlow	Mr. JONES HEWSON.
Colonel Fairfax	Mr. Courtney Pounds	Mr. KENNINGHAM.
Sergeant Meryll	Mr. Hawes Craven	No change.
Leonard Meryll	Mr. W. B. Shirley	Mr. S. E. HUSSILL.
Jack Point	Mr. Grossmith	Mr. PASSMORE.
Wilfred Shadbolt	Mr. W. H. DENNY	Mr. H. A. LYTON.
The Headsman	Mr. Howarth	No change.
First Yeoman	Mr. Weller	Mr. COOK-JAMES.
Second Yeoman	Mr. Minchin	Mr. H. GORDON.
First Citizen	Mr. Ridgway	Mr. C. H. WORKMAN.
Second Citizen	Mr. Brett	Mr. P. BRYAN.
Elsie Maynard	Miss Geraldine Verner	MALINE PALMYAY.
Phœbe Meryll	Miss Jessie Bond	Miss Florence PERRY.
Dame Carruthers	Miss Brandram	No change.
Kate	Miss Rose Harvey	Miss Ruth VINCENT.

"The Yeomen of the Guard" has always been a great favourite with amateurs. The other week a capital performance of it was given at Wimbledon by the company which is pictured in the accompanying photograph. Miss Lucia Fydell was positively brilliant as Dame Carruthers, Miss Marjorie Farquharson made a pretty Phœbe, and Mr. Conway was a lifelike Shadbolt. In conclusion, attention may be drawn to the new poster which Mr. Dudley Hardy has designed for the Savoy, and which is reproduced herewith. Its decorative effect is very striking, the black Headsman standing against a yellow sky, with the red sun sinking in the West; for you remember Colonel Fairfax was to have been beheaded at half-past seven in the evening had he not escaped by the ingenious plot which shows Mr. Gilbert in his most delightful vein.



"THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD," AT WIMBLEDON.

Photo by Russell, Wimbledon.

"THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Colonel Fairfax (Mr. Charles Kemningham) got up as Sergeant Mervill's son, the Yeoman.



*Elsie (on the point of marrying the masquerading Colonel): " 'Tis said
that joy in full perfection comes only once to womankind."*



Sergeant Mervill (Mr. Richard Temple) with the Jack-in-the-box.



*Dame Carruthers: "I was born in the old keep, and I've grown grey in
it; and, please God, I shall die and be buried in it."*

“THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD,” AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Wilfred to Phœbe: "Truly, I have seen great resolution give way under my persuasive methods."



Phœbe (Miss Florence Perry) coquettling with the Jailer (Mr. Henry Lytton) while her father is using the keys which she has abstracted from Wilfred.



*Point: "I have a song to sing O!" Elsie: "Sing me your song O!"
Point: "It is sung to the moon by a lovelorn loon."*



Elsie: "Heighday! Heighday! Misery me; Lackaday dee! His pains are o'er, and he sighs no more, for he lived in the love of a lady."

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The general records of the last sixty years, which everywhere and from every quarter are flying into publication, remind one naturally of the development—one uses the word rather as implying vicissitude than progress—of art in this particular country during the passage of that period which is being celebrated. Like the poet's fruits that failed and the love that ranged, many have been the fashions of art during that period; names that were obscure have waxed into fame, and names that once ran beyond reasonable bounds of popularity have waned and sunk into obscurity. Take a glance round the Modern British Section at the National Gallery for a proof, if proof were needed, of this assured fact.

From such a verdict you have, however, at once to except the first room to which you naturally turn your steps, where the magnificent collection of Turners is stored. For although the recent sales—one of which was commented upon recently in this column—have shown that the value of a fine Turner is steadily advancing to the average value of pictures by the acknowledged masters of the world, in his own lifetime he was regarded, during his long later period, with extreme veneration and respect by all his contemporaries, and—be it said—with no less an esteem by himself. Then he had the invaluable championship of Mr. Ruskin, who would probably have secured him contemporary admiration, no matter what figure he might later have cut to the eyes of posterity. But Turner was indeed an exception to all the general customs of artistic history. He was the master of no school, and apparently he developed himself out of himself, and not from the imitation of any particular discipleship. In all painting there is nothing of supreme excellence which has the qualities that make "The Fighting Temeraire" and "Rain, Storm, and Speed" quite the splendid things that they are; and so Turner may be left in his solitary supremacy within the Victorian era, without origin beyond himself.

or tradition after himself. But when you leave Turner you find that popular English art has been the history of group after group of artists who were bound together by common aims, common purposes, and common sympathies—who looked at nature, life, and art with the same eyes, and, for the most part, could not easily conceive anybody looking at the matter differently. The Exhibition of '51 and the great Paris Exhibition of the same period saw the apotheosis of the most powerful group of painters from the social and humanly influential point of view that this half-century has seen. Never were such convictions of excellence abroad. If Landseer set his brush to canvas, that was enough—the thing was done. Lawrence, Macleise, Stanfield, Redgrave, and all the rest of that curious race of artists, were profoundly certain that the time had come, and that England had proudly set her foot down before the nations as pre-eminent in the arts as in everything else.

In that curious and most interesting book, "The Memoirs of Richard Redgrave," you get something not unlike a brilliant picture of that

coterie, with its tears, its unchecked emotions, its mutual-admiration methods, its proprieties, and its unchastened exuberance. When the English pictures arrived at Paris for the Exhibition, everybody wept to think that the French were beaten on their own soil. It was another Waterloo. Redgrave records seriously how the French critics came to him and expressed their rapturous delight with the "Hamlet at the Play" and the "James Receiving the News of the Landing of William of Orange," the specimen-pictures of the period, and confessing in a whisper that they had nothing like it in Paris.

This is no place to discuss with any intimacy or detail the *rationale* of any such movement as that of the Pre-Raphaelites. Like every group of the period, they produced one or two genuine artists and a great many interested and ambitious disciples; and, after all, it is the aim, one supposes, of every school and period not so much to preach theories as to produce great artists. Any-way, there is Rossetti on the one hand, and the early Millais on the other—the one so superb a dreamer, the other so magnificent a manipulator of his material—to point to as the outcome of that rejuvenation; and, to descend from that level, there is Holman Hunt, bizarre, fanatical, conscientious, and sincere, and—to classify the men very roughly—Ford Madox Brown. There, however, was the group, and there are some of its products.

So the tale has gone on and on, and it is amazing to think of the acres of wastage in the way of painted canvas that has been thrown upon the world during the present reign. In our own day two new little groups have grown up and taken their place in the history of English art, both being in the beginning a revolt from the Royal Academy—the movement that identified itself with the exhibitions of the Grosvenor Gallery and that which was responsible for the name of the Newlyn School. Newlyn, indeed, together with its high priest,

Mr. Stanhope Forbes, has gone over bodily to the Academy, and the most formidable rebels of that Academy now rejoice in the initials A.R.A. The Grosvenor Gallery movement can still boast of its flower in the personality and achievement of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, while Mr. Watts stands linking officialdom with the best inspiration of great art. Mr. Whistler, meanwhile, dwells apart, and mingles with no common school. He, like Turner, stands also in the position of a solitary prophet; but his influence has been enormous.

"How stands 1897?" asked Mr. Penell the other day in a review of the art of the period, and in a gossiping *causerie* like the present it will not be necessary to go into any details on the subject. Like silkworms spinning their cocoon, we seem to be continuing the old processes pretty much as usual. So far as England is concerned, this half-century and more has produced its handful of great men out of all the heat and discussion of all the art schools; and that is about as much as one could have expected.



THE FOAM SPRITE.—HERBERT DRAPER.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



OUR CLIMATE.

"Really, Mr. Jones, I must say you are about the most original man I have ever met; you haven't said a single word about the weather."

"Well, I couldn't say what I think about the weather in the presence of a lady."



FLY-FISHING.

The jealous trout that low did lie
Rose at a well-dissembled fly.—SIR H. WOTTON.



GIRLED NOT BUOYED UP.

"Don't be afraid, old boy; I can swim!"

GOLF RECORDS AND RELICS.

To the making of books on golf there seems no end. If they go on increasing at the present rate the golfer's library will soon be unable to hold them all. Golf yields many more books in proportion to the number of its devotees than cricket or football. What is the reason? Is it because the craze for the game is new? Or is it because many of those who play it are middle-aged, well-to-do men who can afford to buy books? Or is it, perchance, that golfers, more than any other class of sportsmen, love to talk and write and read of their game. In the *Badminton Magazine* for June the Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttelton indulges in some "Moralisings on Golf" which are more candid than agreeable. Mr. Lyttelton laughs at the garrulity of golfers who wind up a day's play by describing each his own performance. One characteristic of golf "shop" is, he says, its blatant, unabashed egotism. All are egotists at golf! Each is for himself! It is a game, in Mr. Lyttelton's opinion, for "cricketers past their prime and the numerous Englishmen who have never had an athletic prime." His moralisings are rather disdainful, or at least, patronising, but the hon. and rev. gentleman avows that his own play is "very muddling and uncertain."

The growth of the game is shown by the "Golfing Annual." The Tenth Volume, edited by Mr. David S. Duncan and published at the Field Office, consists of 606 pages. Ten years ago the prophets of evil predicted that the "craze" would pass. In the case of many people, no doubt, it lasted only for a few seasons, but new clubs continue to spring up and to flourish both inland and on the coast. As many as 1467 clubs are included in the new annual, this being an increase of 187 in a year. Surely this is a sign of health.

Many of the well-known links are described and illustrated in a very handsome volume, "British Golf Links," which has been published by Messrs. J. S. Virtue and Co., under the able editorship of Mr. Horace Hutchinson. Of course, the volume opens with the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews. Is not this the premier golf club of the world? The links of St. Andrews are to golf what Lord's Ground is to the kingdom of cricket. Its rules are the rules on which the game is universally played. Yet the Royal and Ancient is not the oldest established club in Scotland. Much less does it vie with the hoary antiquity of the Blackheath Club. The Edinburgh Burgess Society has a strong claim to be considered the oldest golfing institution in Scotland. Although its minutes date back only to 1773, it is quite certain that the society was in existence in 1735. The old minutes are curious reading. It is recorded that the society had monthly meetings, at which the members played for balls, and thereafter dined in the club-house on Bruntsfield Links. If a member did not turn up and eat the required number of dinners, he had to pay a penalty. At one meeting, we read, "the tariff of caddies was fixed at a penny per round." Oh for those economical days! At another meeting "the captain betted the treasurer a dozen balls that he would beat him at the next competition." Again, we read that a member who had gone to Jamaica, remembering the old club, sent home a hogshead of rum.

Tradition has it that King James I. of England and VI. of Scotland played golf on Blackheath. It is believed that golf has been played there ever since his reign. Sundry records of the Royal Blackheath Club point to the year 1608 as the date of its institution. Unfortunately, the minute-books prior to 1800 were destroyed by fire. The oldest possession of the society is its silver club. This was presented to the members in 1766. It is of the form and size of an ordinary driver. At the beginning of the century the club held one scoring competition only in the year, and that was for the silver stick. Whoever won it became captain for the year. The silver club bore, and still bears, an important part in the proceedings of the Royal Blackheath. It lay on the table at the dinners, and was put in mourning for three weeks on the death of any member. It is, and always has been, carried before the captain-elect on his installation; upon it the captain is solemnly sworn, and on retiring from office he hung to the shaft a silver ball, inscribed with his name. One hundred balls bear the names of successive captains. A new club was made in 1866, and to this are hung balls inscribed with the names of the captains for the last thirty-one years. But nowadays the captaincy is decided by the election of the members, instead of by play for the silver stick.

The members of the Royal Blackheath Golf Club in the first half of the century were eminently sociable and convivial; they met for play every Saturday, and afterwards dined together at the Green Man Hotel. Many a turtle and haunch of venison, as we learn from the account in the volume before us, was presented by some member for these dinners, and the donor's health was drunk with three times three. A member was named beforehand as "screw" for each of the dinners, and his failure to attend rendered him liable to a fine of one guinea, or a gallon of claret; a like fine was always paid on the marriage or on an addition to the family of any member. Here is an entry in the club books under date Saturday, October 18, 1834: "The club, having observed that the 93rd Highlanders, on their march from Canterbury to Weedon Barracks, would pass our golfing-ground, directed the Secretary to invite Colonel McGregor and the officers of this distinguished regiment to dine with the club, which invitation Colonel McGregor accepted for as many officers as accompanied the staff of the regiment on this day. The club had only to regret that so few appeared at the festive board. The Secretary announced that Charles Sutherland, one of our members, had taken unto himself a wife this morning, and that a very abundant supply of champagne and claret was presented to the club by Mrs. and Mr. Sutherland on the occasion. Their health and every happiness was drunk with an enthusiasm which could only be deafened by the powerful and melodious strains of the bagpipes, played by the pipers of the 93rd Highlanders."

St. George's Golf Club, at Sandwich, although still in its youth, has become one of the most famous in the country. Out of the sand-dunes the links have been formed. It is, indeed, a remarkable thing that these sand-hills, "the haunt of wild birds and the ubiquitous rabbit," should, in the course of a few years, have been converted into a first-class course, worthy of the Amateur and Open Championships. "The bushless knolls, the central desert of sand, and the loneliness of their plashy shore, looking out across Pegwell Bay on the white cliffs of Thanet, and seaward on stately ships steering their way past the fatal Goodwins, have," it is truly said, "a charm all their own." The golfer who has never played over the mountainous sand-hill known as The Maiden has as much to live for as he who has never seen St. Andrews. Interesting accounts are given in the volume of various other courses which are known to fame, such as the Tooting Bec ground at Furzedown, a costly equipped place, where the Parliamentary matches are usually played, and the excellent links at North Berwick, for which Mr. Arthur Balfour pants as he sits on the Treasury Bench in the dog-days. The Prestwick links are to the West of Scotland what those of St. Andrews are to the East, and the lovers of Machrihanish claim that here are the finest links in the kingdom! As to the West of England, the Royal Liverpool Club can boast not only of its splendid

club-house, but of the services which it performed in keeping alive the interest in the game at a time when it was much less flourishing than now. In Wales also and in the North of Ireland some excellent courses have been laid out during the last few years.

It may seem strange that a volume on "British" golf links should contain notices of the clubs at Pau, Cannes, and Biarritz; but, as matter of fact, the clubs at these Continental resorts derive their vitality mainly from British visitors. It was, however, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia who led the movement for a golf club at Cannes. He had just been initiated into the mysteries of the game in England, and was enthusiastic about it. The caddies there, we are told, are remarkably intelligent and civil. At Biarritz the swing of some of those little urchins is worthy of St. Andrews. The Biarritz caddie, with his picturesque beret, his ropework sandals, and his Basque accent, appears, indeed, to be an interesting as well as an intelligent little fellow. It is, however, of a caddie at Pau—where we find, with the exception of Blackheath, the oldest golf club out of Scotland—that Mr. Balfour tells an amusing story. An English player, who knew no French, made a fine approach shot with his iron, and succeeded in laying his ball dead. He turned round to his French attendant for applause. The latter saw what was expected of him, and did his best to rise to the occasion. He described the shot in the only English words which he had heard habitually associated with any remarkably successful stroke in the game. Looking full in his employer's face, and with his most winning and sympathetic smile, he uttered the words, "Beastly fluke!"



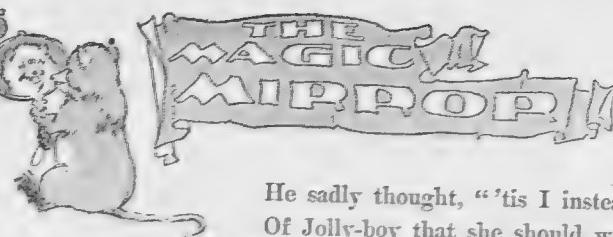
MISS E. C. ORR, THE LADY GOLF CHAMPION.

Photo by Ross, Edinburgh.

THE DUMPIES

FRANK YER-BECK:
ALBERT BIGELOW HISTON:

[Copyrighted by The Sketch.]



One morning Sir 'Possum was walking up and down the verandah of the beach cottage with a most mysterious air. The Rabbit and the Terrapin sat in one corner watching him and wildly curious to know what was up. They were too proud to ask, however, and for a long time Sir 'Possum did not offer to tell them. At last he looked out over the sea, and, as if making a remark to a passing gull, said—

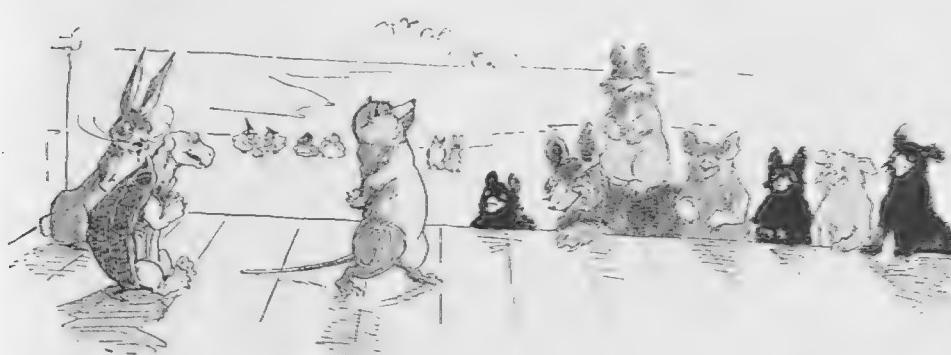
"Coming off on the fifteenth."

"What's coming off on the fifteenth?" asked the other two quickly, unable to hold in any longer.

"Yes, what is coming off on the fifteenth?" demanded the She-Bear, who came up the steps just then.

"Oh yes," chorused all the little Bears behind her, "what is coming off on the fifteenth? Tell us, please."

Sir 'Possum paused and closed one eye as he grinned at the eager row



of questioners, who waited with mouths and ears open. Then, as he resumed his walk, he grunted the single word—

"Wedding!"

"Oh!" exclaimed all the others in a chorus. "You don't mean it!"

"Why, yes, of course," said Sir 'P., "and I have been composing poetry on the subject. It goes like this—

"Two and two make only two,
Jolly-boy and Tipsy-loo—
Wide-out fair and Commodore—
Two and two that now are four."

"Oh!" cried the listeners, "how beautiful!"

"Yes," said Sir 'Possum, "it is pretty fair, isn't it? I often throw off little things like that at odd moments. But now about these weddings. I'm simply dying to see the trousseaux."

"Oh, so are we, so are we!" shouted all the others. "Where are they?"

"In the ladies' apartments, of course, and the ladies are there with them."

Just then the Owl came up, and the matter was laid before him.

"Ho!" he laughed, "that's easy. When they go to the beach to bathe they leave their doors unlocked. We'll just take a quiet peep."

This proposition pleased the rest, Who joined his Owlship in the quest, And, when they saw the ladies go, Slipped up the stairway in a row, And found the doors both open wide, And, laughing softly, stepped inside; Then stood and gazed with rare delight On fair array that lay in sight, And at the jewels strewn around. Then soon the roaming 'Possum found In Tipsy's room a looking-glass— The first he'd ever seen. "Alas!"

He sadly thought, "'tis I instead Of Jolly-boy that she should wed, For in this tiny frame of gold My faithful likeness I behold."

And then in tears he walked away, And each one passing where it lay Picked up the glass and did behold His features in a frame of gold. And each one sighed and sadly said, "Alas! 'tis I that she should wed"; For each believed the lovely maid Alone his picture there surveyed, And in her heart was sad because Proud Jolly's promised bride she was. And each one drifted from the rest To hug the secret in his breast; And poor Sir 'Possum, with a moan, As usual, fainted all alone.

But by-and-by the Dumpy band Beheld them sitting on the sand, All sad and silent, side by side, And gazing out across the tide. And Tipsy, when she saw them thus, Called merrily, "Come, go with us, My solemn friends, and you shall see The present Jolly gave to me!"

And then the little glass she brought That every passing picture caught,



And laughingly those creatures told The secret of that frame of gold. And when its mystery they heard, And saw how silly they had been, They heaved a sigh at first, and then They smiled, but didn't say a word.



YORKSHIRE WATERING-PLACES.

Photographs by the Photochrome Company, London.

To visit the Yorkshire coast and explore its " hinterland" is a revelation to those who have never been there before. The jaded Londoner in quest of vigour, the travelling American cousin who has had enough of Stratford and the Thames, the foreigner brought over by the Jubilee, will each find fresh delights on the Yorkshire shore. The scenery is infinitely varied, ranging from yellow sands to mighty cliffs which have long done battle with the waves; from gentle steeps and fertile pastures to rocky gorges whose wooded depths may be traced far inland from the sea. There are lofty heights north of Scarborough where you may feel the supreme exhilaration of walking upon the heather, while the blue sea, dotted with pleasure-craft, breaks in sparkling foam below. There is excellent boating and fishing both by sea and river; there is golfing, tennis, cycling, coaching, as you will. Scarborough is there, and Bridlington, each rich in the resources of the modern watering-place, and the first of them famous all the world over; there is select and beautiful Filey; there are refined resorts like Robin Hood's Bay; there is ancient Whitby, a place without a parallel; and there are villages, with the ancient fish-like smell, clustering about the mouths

Priory close by, rich in its historical character, comparable in some respects to York Minster, and certainly one of the most beautiful monastic remains in Yorkshire.

Nothing can be more delightful than to visit from Bridlington the famous chalk headland of Flamborough, to explore its wonderful caves and detached rocks, where the sea thunders its broken surge, while myriads of grebes, gulls, guillemots, cormorants, puffins, and gannets sit on the ledges, just as they did when the smugglers ran in here with their stores, and when Paul Jones, in 1779, fought here a hard fight with Englishmen in his ship the *Bonhomme Richard*. Stretching away north-westward from Flamborough are the beautiful sands of Filey Bay, and old Filey itself, sheltered by its famous "brig." Here the scene is all changed. The chalk is left behind, and we see immense columns of spray dashed up as the sea beats upon the rugged sandstone promontory of the "brig." It is a natural breakwater that Romans and Saxons took advantage of, and the fishing-village they founded, with its highly interesting church, neighbours the glen, where most beautiful gardens have been laid out. It is a very picturesque place, and in the visitors' quarter, near at hand, there is every comfort for the stranger. Many have discovered the charms of dear old Filey, and not a few Yorkshire magnates have seaside houses there.

But Scarborough, which lies about seven miles further along the



SCARBOROUGH.

of glens, or perch'd between sea and land. And then what historic scenes to be visited! What memories cling to the venerable pile of Whitby! What pictures are called up by the grim keep of Scarborough! Indeed, too, what shore is so rich as this? There are continually beautiful dunes amid its heather-and-hills; the valley of the lovely Rye, with the splendid remains of Rievaulx, Byland beyond, and the haunts of Lawrence Sterne; the romantic dale of the umbrous Esk, lost at last in the hilly hills; York itself—" York, York, for my morn!"—still the oldish bulwark—a city for ancient fame and venerable memorials unrivaled in the land, and lying within an hour off the sea.

Let us take a hasty view of this coast northward as far as Whitby, glancing briefly at its charms as we go along. Leaving the geologists and antiquaries to explore the wasting coast of Holderness, as well as historic Beverley, and the ancient works on the Wolds, we start at Bridlington, a favoured resort, commanding the west bay, which is shut in on the north by the long chalk cliffs of Flamborough. It was a fishing-village once, the quiet town of quiet old Bridlington, which lies about a mile inland, but its sheltered situation and the salubrity of its climate attracted many, and it grew into a most enjoyable resort, with fine piers enclosing its harbour, colonnades and beautiful gardens, and an abundance of popular attractions. The picturesque character of the old place has not vanished, however, and there are few more charming scenes than when the white-winged yachts and brown-sailed fishing-craft are threading its harbour. The neighbouring country is lovely, with woodless lanes, old farmsteads, orchards, and cornfields, and there is Bridlington

shore, is the titular "queen" of all this region. What can we say of delightful Scarborough that has not been said before? It seems, in a high degree, to possess the advantages of all other watering-places. It has historic interests dating from its homy castle upon the hill, where Etheldreda founded eight hundred years ago. It is modern in the best sense of the word—highly fashionable, filled with the hum of life, if you will; unconventionally, if you so desire; with magnificent gardens all along its cliffs, and the Spa, with its famous promenade and excellent music, in the midst; with theatres, too, where the best London companies are seen; golf-links, tennis courts, and croquet-gounds; palatial hotels and home-like houses to receive you. It is supremely picturesque, grouped about its twin bays, with the great Castle Hill in the midst, Oliver's Mount overlooking the sea, and the beautifully wooded valley below. The roads are excellent for walking and driving, and a crowd of delightful places that are open to visitors leap to the mind—romantic Thirburn Wyke, pouring its crystal waters through a woodland gorge to the sea, Scarpe Valley and Malness, with enchanting scenery, Rainhill Woods, Seamer Moor, Staithesdale, and a host of other places near.

Northward still, by Thirburn Wyke and the long cliffs of Stainton-dale—which rise to the stupendous height of the Peaks, seven hundred feet above the sea, within half a mile of high-water mark—now scenes are disclosed. Loftier moors, clad with heather, are on the left, and the sea far below dashes on the west undercliffs. Southward the eyehanges cover Scarborough to the dim line off Flamborough; in front the lovely sweep of Robin Hood's Bay, with its great amphitheatre of woodless and

pastoral hills, is disclosed. It is a scene truly that baffles description, but, fortunately, the railway climbs the cliffs and lays all open to the visitor. Further we go, leaving behind us this romantic bay, by lofty cliffs to

Cadmon, the Saxon singer. It was from Whitby that Captain Cook set out on his journeying. Still it looks much as he saw it. Its red-tiled cottages, clinging to the hill, with their blue smoke and their galleries,



ROBIN HOOD'S BAY.

where historic Whitby adorns the mouth of Esk. We all know, in Du Maurier's pictures, the rugged Whitby fishermen. Extraordinarily beautiful is the splendid town of the abbey on the hill, a place famous in all our history for its associations with Hilda, Oswy, and Edwina, and with

its steep and narrow ways, its harbour filled with fishing-craft, its lofty cliffs and noble abbey, make a series of pictures scarcely to be surpassed. And Whitby, too, is the starting-point for the exploration of the romantic and beautiful dale of the Esk.

JOHN LEWIS.



WHITBY, FROM HARBOUR.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

PHEMIE.

BY REV. H. R. HAWEIS.

"It's no use trying," said Phemie. "Mother hates me, and everything I do is wrong."

"Your mother can't help it, Phemie," said Dr. Jasper. He was the new medical man, in huge favour with Mrs. Albatross, Phemie's mother.

"Your mother is highly strung—quite a woman of genius, and allowances must be made for her temperament, my dear young lady; temperament rules everything."

Indeed, Mrs. Albatross's temperament seemed to rule Dr. Jasper, the parson, the squire, the parish, but it did not rule Phemie.

"Look here," said the girl—she was just past twenty—"you and mother are always croaking about me, I know; but you do nothing to help me—at least, I think *you* would, but you're afraid—"

"Your mother used to take an interest in you, but you did not meet her half-way. Is not that so?"

"No, it isn't. When I was sixteen she had a fad of dressing me up in last-century costume and making a doll of me—not my style at all, just to show off her own cleverness and queerness at my expense! She said I was ugly, and only 'dressing' could make me fit to be seen."

"Well?" said Dr. Jasper, who was a rising young medico of thirty, as he looked gravely and judicially at the pretty-much tried girl, who only half believed in his goodwill.

"Well," said Phemie, "everyone laughed, and I showed mother I would not stand it."

"And then?"

"Then she packed me off to school. The mistress said I was sort of dazed for a time, as if I had been ill-treated—and so I had—and quite neglected; but they were kind to me there, and I was very happy for more than a year, except in the holidays, which were always odious. Then you came along—." And Phemie paused and stole a doubtful glance at the doctor.

"What then?" said the doctor, like a person coldly inquiring for ordinary information, yet with a certain little twinkle in his eye which did not escape the aggrieved Phemie.

"Then," said the girl, "I thought you were my friend at first, but I don't now; at least—"

At this moment Mrs. Albatross entered, and, turning sharply on Phemie, said with a snap, "I suppose you haven't fed the fowls, or sorted the linen, or done anything but idle away your time, as usual?"

"I was called when Dr. Jasper came, because you could not be found."

"I'm sick of your excuses. Dr. Jasper does not want to see you." Then, in quite an altered tone, as Phemie shrunk away out of the room, "Do you mind coming up to my sitting-room? I want to have a talk with you about those changes at the Infirmary. I am sure you will agree with me, and you will be most useful. We can't allow things to go on," &c.

Dr. Jasper always did agree with Mrs. Albatross. But, somehow, he moulded her, and she usually came round to his opinion. He listened and she talked; he could wait; and when he had taken her bearings—without ever interrupting or contradicting—she listened and he talked, and not then, but next time, she echoed his opinions and fancied they were all her own.

"It is such a comfort to find a sensible man to talk to in a stupid place like this!" said she, laying her arm confidingly upon the doctor's, as he sat smiling and agreeing with her.

Mrs. Albatross had worried one husband into the grave—she was too clever for him—but her intellectual vivacity, imagination, and enterprise made her an interesting companion. She was only a little past forty, and very well preserved, and she meant to marry Dr. Jasper.

Whether it was hypnotism or will-power, the doctor came again and again and would not send in his bill, and the doctor's bill never was paid—he paid himself.

"Don't speak to me," said Phemie hurriedly as she met the doctor coming downstairs after a long confab with her mother; "mother's about. She's out all to-morrow afternoon. I've got to paint the doors. . ." And Jasper passed out with a sympathetic smile. She knew he would call and advise her about painting the doors. He did call.

"What a deal you know about mixing paints and things! I'm sure I want good advice a great deal more than mother does. But, then, I'm not clever like mother," added Phemie, with a little aggrieved pout, "so it's not worth while talking to me."

"I do feel for you," said the doctor with an unusual warmth of manner. "I have done all I could to get your mother to be fair to you . . . Phemie" (he had never called her Phemie before, and she felt her colour rise). "What's the matter?" he added hastily, for suddenly Phemie's eyes filled with tears, and she just went off then and there and left the paint-pots and things without saying another word.

Dr. Jasper's visits became more frequent. Mrs. Albatross was constantly seen about the village with him; they met in cottages; she was devoted, so she said, to nursing the sick (it was certainly a new development). She was never seen with her daughter, nor was Jasper, but he saw her daughter oftener than she knew; still, it seemed less

and less possible to do without Mrs. Albatross. Her ability, her cooked foods, and port wine for "cases"; her influence with the squire, who disliked and obeyed her; with the parson, whose goodwill was important to the doctor, and who was afraid of Mrs. Albatross, for she browbeat him in the chair at parish meetings, picked holes in his sermons, and organised the penny readings, which he disliked, under his very nose. All this and a good deal more—for Mrs. Albatross was a woman, and not above feminine arts—put Jasper in rather a tight place.

He knew that Mrs. Albatross wanted to marry him, and there were days, yes, whole days, when he really thought he should be obliged to marry Mrs. Albatross.

The moment came. It was in the little sitting-room upstairs.

Something had happened. Dr. Jasper saw that plainly enough.

The lady was flushed and excited, and he missed the usual confidential hand-squeeze.

"I—I wanted to see you," she said, and paused. "Nothing has come to your ears, I suppose?"

The doctor looked inquiringly.

"Well, then, I'm dreadfully troubled, annoyed beyond measure, put out. Of course, you know my maid, Susan; she has been with me ten years, and is not a gossip—"

"What on earth do you mean? Do be plain; surely with me you might be quite plain," and he moved a little nearer, feeling at that moment a curious kind of attraction which almost compelled him to lay his hand upon her arm and force her to be quite honest.

"Don't keep me on tenterhooks," he said eagerly; "tell me!"

"I will," said the lady; "I feel I can tell you anything. I don't think I have any other friend in the world—at least, not like you; no one understands me, no one has helped me as you have, and we've got to part, that is all—"

"What on earth," said Jasper, really shaken and troubled; he had never seen her grow pale like that, nor her lips quiver like that—and she was not of the crying sort—she did not cry now. "What—what has Susan been saying?"

"Only that it's all over the place, and that she thought at last she ought to tell me—"

"You don't mean, you don't mean—." He couldn't quite say it.

"Yes, I do," she said, and she rose and walked up and down the room full of a sort of angry vexation, mingled evidently with a conflict of passionate feeling she could neither conceal nor subdue.

"Sit down," he said. He had risen. He took her arm; she was positively trembling. He led her to the sofa by the fire.

"I shall have to leave this place," she said in a sort of hard voice. The angry tears came into her eyes. He had never seen her weep. This was the nearest approach to it.

"I know what you are going to say. Don't say it. No, you shan't go; you are useful. The people trust you. It is your sphere. I am the marplot."

"Why should you go?" said Jasper, hardly measuring his words. "Why should either of us go? Why not stay—and stay—stay together?"

"You don't mean it?" Men at such times are more fools than knaves.

"Yes, yes—I—do."

Jasper had taken her hand. The woman with the iron will, the keen intellect, the nature self-contained, which seemed at times as hard as nails, turned towards him, and in another moment fell crying and laughing hysterically into his arms. At that moment, as ill-luck would have it, Phemie, hearing unusual sounds, and thinking someone needed assistance, entered.

"Go and fetch some sal-volatile; your mother is not very well." Indeed, at that moment Mrs. Albatross seemed to have really fainted away; whether she fainted or not, no one will ever know—the doctor himself was doubtful.

Jasper never entered the house again. He went home, packed up his things, wrote a hurried note in a disguised hand to Phemie, who on the following day would be twenty-one years old and come into five hundred pounds a-year, which had been left her, to the disgust of her mother, by her fond father—and Jasper went to bed.

He must have risen early. No one at his lodgings saw him go out. His hot water was brought up at eight o'clock. His boots had not been put out overnight.

The servant knocked again at nine. The door was not locked. She entered. She saw boxes packed and labelled "Left till called for." The bed was empty.

The station was a mile off. There were only two passengers by the early train.

When Mrs. Albatross came down to breakfast she inquired for Phemie. Phemie was gone.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin, New Zealand.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

The Jubilee and the Naval pageant are over, and the world will be taking stock of the late event, and asking, in the carping way habitual with the world: "A very fine show; but what does it all prove?" And to this each will make answer after his own private mind. The austere editor of *Truth* will say that it proves us to be a nation of flunkies, and other nations to have obvious sympathy with flunkeyism. But is it so? Is there anything very base in the action of millions of people cheering an old lady whom most of them will never see again, and from whom not one in a hundred thousand can possibly dream of receiving any honour or special notice? Flunkeyism is surely interested or cowardly servility; but to how many of us will it make the slightest material difference whether we sing "God Save the Queen" or not, and who is afraid of the Sovereign?

No, loyalty, though possibly not very rational, is far removed from a grovelling servility. The Old Lady in Black is the symbol of our common history, our common interests, our common pride. She is the "outward and visible sign," in theological language. We—or most of us—feel that on the whole we are better off as Britons than we should be in any other state, and we couple that sentiment with the name of her Majesty. Doubtless Frenchmen feel the same national pride and self-satisfaction, and they have abundant reasons for so doing; but they do not agree in coupling any name with their toast. German patriotism is also visibly in difficulties between the personality of its head and his representative dignity.

The Jubilee pageants and rejoicings have revealed to us and our neighbours the astonishing growth of united national feeling in all the regions that bear the British flag. The feeling has been there for long, but never before has it found so complete an expression. Even the protesting Irish parties have been almost swept away by the torrent. The customary protests have been registered, but without conviction, in an obviously perfunctory manner; a few black flags, a few broken windows, are all that Home Rule enthusiasm can do to show that it is still alive. There would be more damage done at a contested election between Dillonite and Healyite, more excitement over a "Glorious Twelfth" procession. Of course, we have been treated to the decrease of the Irish population as an evidence of oppression and cruelty, as if the mere swarming of paupers were a sign of prosperity, or as if the "Congested Districts" were now the happiest part of the "distressful country." But the Irish members are not really discontented—except as they are bound to be. They have got a slice off their rates, and a measure of local self-government, and they can do with these very well for a time.

If the Queen represents the sentimental side of the national consciousness, the fleet at Spithead represents the practical aspects of Empire. Without weakening the many squadrons cruising in far-off seas—the mighty armament in the Mediterranean, the smaller, but still strong, detachments in other waters—a Navy has been gathered together unrivalled in its strength and preparation. And no other State is threatened by this Armada; it is regarded by all parties in the State as simply defensive, the indispensable protection of the national life. The command of the seas is to other Powers an aspiration, to Britain it is sheer life. Strong as is the great fleet at Spithead, it is not too strong—nay, it may well be thought not strong enough.

But, objectors may say, it was known to all men that British loyalty and British ironclads existed; due account was taken of them. Why, then, this unnecessary and costly display? It is true that to competent observers, native and foreign, the growing intensity of patriotism and Imperial sentiment was no secret; but we are not all competent observers, and to many at home, and more abroad, the orderly fervour and absolute unity of the Jubilee demonstrations will have come as a revelation, and the vast size and power of the actual Navy as something of a shock; and all the more so as neither the patriotism nor the armaments are called forth by any threat of war, any storm-clouds visibly gathering ahead. The Egyptian Question slumbers, if uneasily; Venezuela is pacified, the Transvaal settling down. There is no reason to suppose that our naval supremacy will be seriously threatened for some years to come. This makes the Jubilee more impressive still. We say to ourselves and the world, "This is how we mean to feel about our country, and this is how we mean to protect our country in ordinary years of peace. When war and danger come, we will try to do better."

And the sight of the London pageant, of the Spithead lines of battle, will have a sobering effect on Continental critics and politicians. The Parisian or Berlinese Chauvinist, or the American Jingo who periodically clamours for the ruin of perfidious Albion, will be met by the recollection of the grim walls of floating iron. "Sweep England off the seas, will you? By all means, my friend; but you will need a rather stiff broom to get through all that!"

And that is, or should be, the crowning value of the Jubilee celebrations: that they have made us more conscious of our own strength, without tempting us to use it in hostility to others. By making ready for world-wide war, we shall secure world-wide peace.—MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The production of such a book as "On the Face of the Waters" must cost efforts that need to be followed by a rest from imaginative energy. Mrs. Steel does not take this rest in the form of cessation from novel-writing, apparently, but in writing a story which makes no great demand on any of her powers. There are two Mrs. Steels: there is the authoress of "From the Five Rivers" and "On the Face of the Waters," one of the most distinguished writers of fiction to-day, and there is the lady who has produced "Red Rowans" and a few other pleasant enough additions to the circulating-library list. Occasionally, as in "The Potter's Thumb," they collaborate; but the newest story, "In the Tideway" (Constable), is the work of one only, the minor one. In deference to the taste of the times, she invents a difficult conjugal situation, and proceeds to develop it logically enough, till she discovers that its consequences will run beyond what the circulating-library reader will stand; and then she pulls up, and determines to practise the great art of shirking. Sudden death from the horns of a mad bull or by shipwreck is the natural means of the professors of this art, and Mrs. Steel has not disdained their example. Sinking sands have been her chosen way out of a difficulty. They cover up the heroine before you know whether she has the strength to overcome a temptation or the determination to fly in the face of human laws. And, no doubt, this will be held enough to include "In the Tideway" in what is called healthy fiction, where mad bulls and sinking sands and other violent events are traditionally appointed to prevent natural human consequences, which, of unhappy necessity, are sometimes morbid. The tale of the lady who is saved from going back to her unsuitable husband, and likewise from eloping with the more agreeable husband of another, by the timely violence of death would be quite satisfactory of its kind, were it not that a feeble element of the supernatural is brought in—to please the tourists probably, who expect something of the kind from stories the scenes of which are laid in the Western Isles. It is a feeble streak, and merely serves to call attention to extreme weakness in a tale which need only have been called commonplace. One is not inclined to find fault with Mrs. Steel for such lapses. Seeing that she rarely allows her second manner to intrude in her best work, her possession of a double personality, her power of addressing two widely different audiences, are distinctly interesting.

You can make a pleasantly superficial acquaintance with the American undergraduate in the volume of "Harvard Stories" which Messrs. Putnam have just published in this country. The writer, Mr. Waldron Kintzing Post, modestly says he expects no one to be interested in them who is not interested in the scenes where they are laid; but perhaps English undergraduates will be a hearty and not too fastidious audience. The tales of boating prowess, of practical joking, of encounters with the police, of sublime impertinence, and of the successes of rudimentary wit, will touch chords which would never answer to mere literary merit or masterly portraiture. To the rest of us the Harvard scenes in Mr. Howells' last novel, "The Landlord at Lion's Head," will give a vivid, but likewise a less amiable, impression of young America at college.

The latest story by "Z. Z."—that is, Mr. Louis Zangwill—"A Nineteenth Century Miracle" (Chatto), is an addition to the many ingenious criminal mystery tales. It has excellent points regarded as a puzzle; for the solution is much beyond the detective powers of the ordinary reader. The fact that a man, who has evidently been thrown violently through the top light of an artist's studio and killed, should be declared by the doctors at the inquest to have been drowned by sea-water, seems outside possibility to a discouraging degree. One gives up trying to play detective oneself; but one is amused to see how the investigators in the story fumble and flounder. The drawback of the book is its unnecessary disagreeableness. In a tale of crime one hardly expects to keep select company; but it would be impossible for anyone to find himself in worse than he does in "A Nineteenth Century Miracle." The widow of the murdered man, whose sense of humour is tickled by the absurd solutions put forward by the detectives, amateur and professional, and who, for the fun of the thing, lets the chief investigator fall in love with her, and promises to reward him by her hand if he will find out the truth about the crime in a fortnight, while she is deep in other intrigues all the time, and knows more than anyone, save the actual perpetrator, how her husband came by his death, is the most vulgar and objectionable person to be met with in the records of criminal fiction. And "Z. Z." evidently has a sneaking admiration for her, whereby he puts himself beyond the pale of a critical reader's mercy.

We have every reason to be grateful to Messrs. Bell for the new edition of Swift which they are bringing out, and of which the first volume, including "The Battle of the Books," "The Tale of a Tub," and other miscellaneous essays, has already appeared. The labours of Mr. Craik, of Mr. Leslie Stephen, of Colonel Grant, and other students of Swift, have been made use of, as well as the still valuable notes of Sir Walter Scott; but the present editor's own contributions have been successful, and the text will be the most complete and the most accurate that has yet appeared. A special feature of the edition will be the portraits of the famous satirist, and the first volume contains an almost unknown one of Swift as a young man. Mr. Lecky has amplified and rewritten the essay which originally appeared in "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," and in its revised form it is printed as a biographical introduction.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

We have lately been quite energetic at the Opera. Since the gala night we have had Jean de Reszke for the second time in "Siegfried"—he appeared for the first time on the Monday of Jubilee week; Madame Melba has made her début this season in "Faust," with M. Alvarez in



MADAME SOFIA SEDLMAIR.
Photo by Hoffert, Berlin.

the title-part; M. Alvarez himself has given us once more his superb Don José in "Carmen," and the first performance of "Die Meistersinger" has taken place. Who shall complain now that the Opera is stagnant?

First, it is to be recorded that Jean de Reszke's Siegfried is a superb performance. One had not looked to him for a perfect realisation of that boisterous young character, so full of life, of athletic meaning, and of forest abandonment. It was impossible beforehand to forget his Lohengrin, so spiritual and ethereal, and it was difficult to associate him with circumstances so different as those involved in the Siegfried music-drama. Yet it is delightful to record how wrong was such an anticipation. He had not only considered the part very thoroughly, but he had found in himself the capacity to fulfil it. In the beginning a wild, irresponsible boy, whose experience of life gradually deepens until, finally, his character is completed and fixed by the emotion of love—this, Wagner's ideal, was amply and beautifully realised, both in his glorious singing and in his remarkable acting, by this exquisite artist. Miss Susan Strong's Brünnhilde was powerful and solid, but somewhat lacking in sympathy and variety. Herr Lieban's Mime was more than admirable; it was perfect. M. Edouard de Reszke's Wanderer was excellent, and the orchestra was all that could be desired in the hands of M. Seidl. What more are we to say at this time of the beauty of Melba's voice? To hear it the other day even in music so familiar as that of "Faust" was to have momentary regrets that the Opera Syndicate has secured her services so late in the season. Certainly Melba's answer to any doubters of her power was a very decisive one, for the house was filled from ceiling to floor, many people standing in places where it was only possible to hear and not to see the singer. She was in her sweetest, most touching, most liquid, most effective voice. In the garden scene her singing was, to the humour of the passing moment, quite perfect. She was lucky in her Faust, for Alvarez has come back to us at his best, as he proved on Thursday night in "Carmen." In this opera his Don José is probably the most dramatic part in his repertory, and his admirable intelligence in working it out through a carefully arranged *crescendo* was altogether extremely fine. His Carmen was Zélie de Lussan, whom he rather overwhelmed by the intensity of his passion. Hers is the prettiest Carmen conceivable; she flirts delightfully, and laughs and pouts and is impudent and enticing by turns, and she stamps her little foot when she is annoyed, and shrugs her shoulders, and dusts her frock with delightful indifference; but this is not the Gipsy harlot of intense desire

and dark emotions, and when she is set against a Don José like that of Alvarez she seems dwarfed. Only Calvó could stand up against such a lover, and Zélie de Lussan, though excellent in her way, and singing as she has probably never sung before, is by no means a Calvó. Miss Margaret Reid's Michæla in the same opera was quite charming. There is not much to be said of "Die Meistersinger," which was only the repetition of last year's immense success with precisely the same cast. Madame Eames perhaps had even improved her wonderfully beautiful interpretation of the part of Eva, singing as she did with extraordinary sweetness and power. M. Jean de Reszke and M. Edouard de Reszke, as Walther and Hans Sachs, were as interesting as ever; and Mr. Bispham was once more a fine, if somewhat exaggerated, Beckmesser. The orchestra was good, but might have been better, under Signor Mancinelli.

Madame Sofia Sedlmair, the new German dramatic prima donna, who is the Isolde of the present production of "Tristan und Isolde" at Covent Garden, comes to us fresh from triumphs won in Germany and Austria, for she is one of the best Isoldes and Brünnhildes of the day. Madame Sedlmair is a native of Hanover, and has studied singing in Vienna and at Bayreuth, and since graduating she has sung in Leipzig, Breslau, and Berlin, and is still the leading prima donna at the Kaiserliche, Königliche Hof Opera House in Vienna. Her répertoire is a large one, but her greatest successes outside Wagnerian rôles have been Leonora in "Fidelio," Valentine in "Les Huguenots," and Donna Anna in "Don Juan." She is essentially Teutonic in build, fair, with big blue eyes, and finely marked, expressive features, and should prove a valuable addition to the London season.

Herr Andreas Dippel, who comes from the Vienna Opera House, is a native of Cassel. After being educated there at the Gymnasium, he entered a banking business, even though his heart was always entirely devoted to music, and he gave up all his spare time to studying singing. A little later on he developed so fine a tenor voice that he was easily persuaded to abandon the desk, and, going to Berlin, worked for some time under Professor Hey, after which he went to Professor Alberto Leoni, in Milan, and then to Professor Ress, in Vienna. He made his first appearance in Bremen, in "Martha," and there he remained, as principal tenor, for some five years, during which time he paid two visits to America. He is now engaged at the Hofopern House in Vienna, an engagement which has just been renewed for the fourth time, and he has also scored successes all over Germany, as well as in New York and all



HERR ANDREAS DIPPEL.
Photo by Sarony, New York.

the principal cities of the United States, whither he went under the auspices of the Metropolitan Opera Company. His rôles number upwards of one hundred, though his favourite ones are Lohengrin, Siegfried, Walther, Siegmund, and Faust. Physically, he is a typical Teuton, blue-eyed and blonde, and, despite his thirty summers, still quite a boy, with frank and enthusiastic manners; and he is a genuine and ardent admirer of the work of his brother and sister artists.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

TENNIS AT WIMBLEDON.

Either the death-knell of lawn-tennis has been tolled, or the reaction after the Jubilee—how that word begins to pall!—or the many counter attractions advertised lately, or the daily increasing popularity of cycling, or perhaps, in a measure, all three causes, were to blame for the lack of spectators present at the Wimbledon All-England Tennis Club during the first week of play, in order to witness the struggles for the championship of the world. Probably the first-named was the true reason.

Three years ago anybody sufficiently bold to have insinuated that the popularity of lawn-tennis was upon the wane would have been treated with well-deserved contempt by every right-minded English-speaking man, as well as by every athletic English young lady who had ever handled a racquet, while a bare hint to the effect that some day tennis might become unfashionable and die a natural death would assuredly have brought a hornet's nest about the unfortunate ears of the apparently misguided prophet. Yet, that tennis will soon become a game of the past, a game as extinct as croquet had become seven years ago, is a fact now obvious even to the few remaining enthusiasts of a formerly fashionable pastime. Certainly lawn-tennis has enjoyed more than its allotted span

of life, but most likely, after the manner of some doctors' doomed patients, several more years will elapse before the final flicker is extinguished, and, until that time comes, its votaries will, no doubt, continue to make the best of their opportunities.

But it must not be supposed from the foregoing remarks that the play at Wimbledon this year was one whit below its customary standard of excellence. The competitors played, if possible, better than I have ever seen them play there before. A. H. Rousey and F. L. Rousey, for instance, have seldom been in finer form, and the same remark may be applied to W. V. Eaves, of All-England, and to G. Greville, of Chiswick Park. R. F. Doherty and H. L. Doherty, of Cambridge University, also played a good game in the doubles on Wednesday, though they won very easily. G. W. Hillyard and H. Baddeley, both of All-England, are not often seen to greater advantage than they were seen last week, and the splendid back-hand strokes of H. S. Mahony, S. H. Smith, and C. F. Simond evoked several storms of applause. G. M. Simond seemed, I thought, a wee bit slow upon two or three occasions. Possibly the recent festivities had somewhat upset his laws of gravity, but of course you never know these things positively. Certain it is, however, that the thunder on the Thursday temporarily disconcerted one or two well-known players, though they soon pulled themselves together and made up for time lost.

The ladies of course were well to the front. When ladies fling their souls into tennis, golf, cycling, or any other sort of outdoor pastime, they never rest until they have pinned their colours to the mast, as the fair hockey-players, especially Miss Walker, once more helped to prove when they performed so creditably at the links of the Ranelagh Club in April last, and as the expert lady cyclists at the West Kensington Queen's Club further showed us barely three weeks ago. Upon the present occasion Mrs. Hillyard and Miss Austin, whose names are now bywords at every lawn-tennis club at home and abroad, gave fresh examples of their skill, and, if they will pardon the phrase, of their remarkable staying power, which, in weather such as we had last week, was but little short of marvellous. Nor were Mrs. Horncastle and Miss Thynne at all lacking in energy and dexterity. These two ladies in particular seem to



MR. R. F. DOHERTY, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

play better and better every season. It is often said that "championship tennis"—whatever that may mean—"plays the very — with amateurs"—whatever *that* may mean. For my own part, I think that exhibitions of fine play, which I take to be the same sort of thing as "championship tennis," generate in the mind of the ambitious amateur the very sort of stimulus that he needs, the sort of stimulus that he, or she, would never obtain if we had not such players as Miss Dyas, Miss Bromfield, Miss C. Cooper, or, say, Mrs. Pickering. But, after all, that is the expression only of an individual opinion.

On Wednesday last the finals of the championship round of singles were played, and many more spectators were present in consequence. Mr. R. F. Doherty won fairly easily, and he now holds the challenge cup for a year. His adversary, Mr. H. S. Mahony, last year's holder, seemed to be quite "off-colour," as nearly all first-rate tennis-players, cricketers, golfers, and polo-players sometimes are. The final round of the All-England Plate was also decided on Wednesday, Mr. H. Baddeley defeating Mr. E. A. Crawley by three sets to one. Wednesday's play, indeed, created more enthusiasm among the spectators than they had shown during the preceding seven days all put together.

All the arrangements were successfully conducted by the secretary, Mr. Arthur J. Chitty, and, this being the year of the longest reign, it was perhaps only consistent that some of the hardest rain on record in England should have fallen on the Thursday. The players and spectators will never forget the "shower" that began to fall soon after five o'clock on that day. It is no exaggeration to say that within fifteen minutes of the time it began all the courts, baked hard by the recent "Queen's weather," were covered with two inches of water and resembled stagnant "swimming tanks," as they are called in the Western States of America, rather than carefully guarded playgrounds. None of the ladies had cloaks, but a few of the men had umbrellas. These, like chivalrous Britons, they lent, with the exception of a self-respecting individual who retained his capacious waterproof as well as his umbrella and let his wife paddle through the mud.

B. T.

RACING NOTES.

Stockbridge Races do not excite much interest nowadays, and there will be very little lamenting, I think, if the meeting has to give up its existence, as is likely in a year or so. It is one of those fixtures (of course, I include the Bibury Races) that is loved by the gentleman jockey, for the places at which he gets a chance of airing his skill or lack of skill in the saddle are very few. Some considerable number of years ago there was a Hunters' Stakes of ten pounds, half forfeit, which obtained five subscribers, notwithstanding that it gave rise to a deal of betting the night before running at the Grosvenor Arms. One gentleman took the odds to two hundred and fifty pounds about his horse—which, by the way, was easily beaten—winning the Hunters' Stakes and Mulay Muloch carrying off the Doncaster St. Leger. It would have to be a remarkable race to cause such betting nowadays.

The Stockbridge Meeting was founded by the old Bibury Club, which originally held its meetings in Gloucestershire, and removed to Stockbridge in 1831. Originally it was exclusively a private meeting, nearly all the horses that ran there being ridden by members of the club. There are more applications for membership of this club than ever, but those wanting admittance are not always to be numbered among the skilful riders, and, as a matter of fact, it is only here and there that a horseman's name crops up. The racecourse is one of the finest in the world; but this cannot be said of the races, which are, taken altogether, mean and insignificant. In order to do the meeting well, it is necessary to become a member of the club, which has an enclosure to itself.

It is freely whispered in some quarters that the jockey ring have been at work of late, and have had a most successful innings, to the detriment of some owners who backed their horses only to see them finish down the course. I need hardly warn the members of the pigskin who are alleged to be pulling the strings that they are sure to be found out sooner or later, and should their guilt be brought home to them they can bid good-bye to the Turf for ever, as I am certain the Jockey Club would punish future cases with the utmost severity of racing law.

Galtee More is the horse of the year, if not of the century, and, as a consequence, many big personages appear anxious to get cheap advertisement by offering large sums for the horse. Mr. Gubbins, the owner, is not likely to part at any terms, neither is he inclined to make stupid matches for Galtee More, seeing that the colt has plenty of valuable engagements ahead. But all these unnecessary offers remind one of what happened after Bendigo won the Jubilee Stakes. A sporting tipster, who was not worth 10,000 shillings, telegraphed to Mr. H. Barclay thus, "Would you accept £10,000 for Bendigo?" The answer was short and decisive. It simply read "No."

Some progress has been made with the New Folkestone Course, but there may be difficulty in getting a permit for flat-racing, and the managers will, I hear, begin by holding some jumping meetings. Visitors to the Naval Review by the Brighton line must have noticed the Portsmouth Park Course. It is well appointed and is easily get-at-able from London and the South Coast towns.

CAPTAIN COE.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Having read an advertisement in *The Sketch* of Messrs. Oliver Brothers' cellular clothing, and judging, from what was said of the material, that it might be suitable for cycling-garments, I stepped into the shop at 33, New Bond Street, last week, in order to examine the wearing-apparel exhibited and procurable there. The garments seemed to me to be the very sort that cyclists have long needed, and then and there I bought some shirts and vests, which cost no more than ordinary linen shirts and merino—that is the right word, I believe—vests, and which certainly are infinitely preferable to the latter in every way. The shirts have starched white linen cuffs and collar-bands, precisely similar to the cuffs and collar-bands of the linen shirts that we wear every day, and very small, neat fronts. All the rest of the shirt is made of an extremely soft and thin sort of perforated material, resembling exceedingly fine network. The vests are made of a similar sort of material. Then the attendant showed me cellular socks, kid gloves with cellular backs, and cellular underwear for men, also for ladies. Without being in the least aggressive—as certain hairdressers are, for instance—he next drew my attention to cellular cycling-blouses for ladies, which must be as cool to wear as they are neat to look at. Had he known that I was examining all the goods with a view to recommending or denouncing them in *The Sketch*, I cannot think what he would *not* have shown me.

The annual hill-climbing competition held for the gold medal of the Callford Club attracted a considerable crowd of cyclists and pedestrians to the famous Westerham Hill, which was chosen as the scene of the operations. Fifteen competitors were billed to appear, but only eleven actually started, of whom three were unable to reach the end of their journey. These competitions are not exciting to watch, for the men do not start together as in a race, but one after the other, and it is not until the time taken by each man over the journey is ascertained by comparing the starting and finishing watches that the winner can be arrived at. Westerham Hill is certainly a very stiff ride, being both long (1250 yards) and in places steep, very steep; and although I habitually ride up Harrow Hill, I confess I have no desire to attempt Westerham. The winner turned up in the person of F. G. Crowley, of the Herne Hill C.C., who had hitherto so successfully hidden his light under a bushel that he was able to secure both the handicap and scratch competitions. No gear below 63 was allowed, and Mr. Crowley wisely went as near to this as he could; indeed, it was noticeable that the only competitors who failed to reach the top were foolish enough to attempt the ride geared to 74½, 70, and 68 respectively. These hill-climbing competitions are often objected to on the ground that they are a great strain on the competitors; but I think with justice this objection applies far more to twenty-four and even twelve hour races on the path. There was a lot of scorching to London along the Sevenoaks road in the evening, for the show terminated about 6.30 p.m.

At the Cape cycling seems to be growing more and more popular, and from Johannesburg Miss Sybil Bernstein sends an interesting account of a "sports meeting" lately held by the Wanderers' Club, the first meeting of the sort ever organised in South Africa. Proceedings began with a one-mile championship race, for which three

handsome prizes were offered, the first being a Singer Grand Modele de Luxe lady's machine, presented by Mr. Stein, of the Cycle Corporation, and won easily by Miss M. Maxwell, Miss Maxwell being second, and Miss S. Bernstein third. The letter-writing race caused much amusement, and both prizes, namely, the prize for winning and the prize for the best letter, were awarded to Mrs. E. Withycombe. Mrs. A. A. Auret won the egg-and-spoon race, and Mrs. F. B. Shotter was second.

The next event for ladies was the one-mile handicap, the first prize, a gold medal, being the gift of the chairman, Mr. W. T. Graham. Miss M. Maxwell, placed at the scratch mark, once more "walked in on all fours," to use a grotesque Americanism, Miss Maxwell, with a sixty yards handicap, being again second, while Mrs. Atkinson, at seventy-five yards, was placed. Miss M. Maxwell's time was 3 min. 1 sec., and her performance, consequently, a very creditable one. Accompanied by Mr. Melass, she then won the sash race, in which Miss S. Bernstein and Mr. Israel were second, and later in the day Miss

M. Maxwell secured the needle-and-thread race, with Miss S. Bernstein in close attendance, also the mail-cart race, beating Miss Sandhuisen by a length. Mrs. Withycombe and Mrs. Shotter were "first and second" respectively in the "race" for slowness, and then came the chief event of the day, a Musical Ride open to all comers. Some forty men and ladies took part in this, and throughout it went without a hitch.

Many people will probably regret that those fair New Zealanders who have honoured us with their presence during the Jubilee rejoicings have not donned the rational dress which has such fascinations for their sex at home. Above I give a picture of Mrs. Meredith Burn, who is the president of the New Zealand Rational Dress Society of Dunedin.

To you, my masculine reader of masculine intellect and masculine nerve and muscle, it may seem absurd, but it is none the less a fact that the first point that many ladies look to in the bicycle which they

contemplate purchasing is its colour. Will the colour "go with" this tint or suit that sort of material? Or will it match the colour of a light-grey skirt, which, in its turn, suits their complexion? Or does a dark-green enamel look sufficiently "smart"? They seem to forget that a good colour does not necessarily imply that the machine is a good one, though it is sometimes said—quite as wrongfully—that "a good horse cannot be a bad colour." However, Messrs. Tolley the gunmakers of New Bond Street seem to have discovered this feminine propensity, for they are now exposing in their shop-window patterns of bicycle enamel of several dozen different tints. If the fair bykist—Ugh!—cannot find a suitable shade among that assortment, she had better adopt a neutral tint.

It is said that the Czar of Russia, who is extremely fond of cycling, has taken to shooting while mounted upon his machine, a feat somewhat difficult to perform, I should imagine. I hear also that the Count of Flanders, who is a great rider, has had a building added to his country palace, and it is set aside solely to accommodate the new cycles that he is continually buying. He always likes to hear about and to purchase new inventions.



A RATIONAL CYCLING-COSTUME.
Photo by the Exchange Court Studio, Dunedin.



THE MILLE MANDICAP AT JOHANNESBURG.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

DRESSES AND DIVERSIONS.

Many and great, it will be acknowledged by those who know, are the ramifications of party-giving and invitation-getting, but the culminating point of all social stress and struggle is surely reached in the Buckingham Palace Garden Party, where the head and tail of the symbolic serpent may be truly said to meet, as applied, however, to the ethical values of social life



[Copyright.]

FLOUNCES REDIVIVUS.

rather than to eternity. For here the duchess of a hundred dozen descents rubs unshrinking shoulders with the transatlantic milliner translated by matrimony into such social heaven as, say, financial journalism, while mountebanks, so written by old-time obsolete law, greet familiarly Earl Marshals become mere Mr. Mayors. For such is the kingdom of—England, exclusive no more, except perhaps in suburban stucco society, where etiquette is, one hears, very strictly preserved indeed. Meanwhile, the *sturm und drang* of this history-making ten days has ended in the unspeakable weariness of flesh and magnificence of spirit which Thursday's campaign at Aldershot enforced on her Majesty's devoted soldiers. One really felt that, in view of the brave fellows' effective exertions, a week's sleep might be not unreasonably served out with immediate ensuing regulations. A strong show of pretty, fresh girlhood, in pretty, fresh muslin frocks, was a very apparent feature of the gay scene, and I noticed that the matrons veiled their superior years in white muslin or chiffon under black, a becoming and cool result of hot-weather functions. The New Zealand Premier's wife was very effectively frocked in black silk canvas over white silk, and another "magpie" combination was worn by Lady Granby, which really deserves some detail. The white "organdi" muslin of sixty years ago, made up with black Chantilly insertion, is a charming whole, and this particular dress—beautifully hung at the sides, where so many smart skirts fail—fitted over the hips, as according to all present canons of fashion it should, quite tightly. An independent slip of white taffetas was the foundation which accompanied the wearer's walk with that necessary frou-frou so bewitching an accompaniment to well-dressed femininity. The narrow apron in front was edged, as will be seen by this illustration, with the Chantilly insertion to match. This manner of

trimming the skirt with rows of insertion at equal distances is of the same date as poke-bonnets and earrings, which are also, by the way, a reawakened vanity among the very smart. A blouse-shaped gathered corsage, fastening down the left side underneath a frill edged with narrow black lace, looked deliciously soft and cool, and the neck-trimming of very pale lettuce-green moiré added to this effect. Naturally the waistband matched, being tied up in a simple bow at the left side. A white moiré parasol, lined with lettuce-green, the crystal handle surrounded with a gold serpent, went with the costume, and an effective note of contrast appeared in the chapeau, which was of black satin straw, aigrette and *cache-peigne* of pink roses, the brim overlaid with a double row of black ostrich-feather trimming. While in this minutely descriptive vein, I must indicate to budding, blushing maidenhood a delightful little gown of white muslin with an appliquéd of pink roses, and showing rosily through is a pink silk and flounced underskirt. These appliquéd embroideries are, by the way, to be obtained at any good shop, and within the past day or two I have seen them sold at ridiculously inadequate prices, sale-time being on us, *bien entendu*. The skirt, of muslin, gathered all round the waist, had at the bottom a hoop of wide insertion-lace. A round-yoked bodice, charmingly girlish, had gathered sleeves, daintily joined at the seams with tiny insertion. Pale-blue waist- and neck-band, with a cluster of La France roses tucked into the belt, gave that Watteau-like touch which can be safely worn up to five-and-twenty, but which is, all the same, more absolutely indicative of eighteen.

Talking of jewels, I have had sent me by a well-intentioned friend a ticket for the already famous raffle which will in September next dispose of a valuable stone lately belonging to the Queen of Servia. There is quite a little romance about it, too, which adds to the interest, for it appears that the Queen, having lost this jewel out of a ring when at the Sachino Palace, decided, if found, to devote its proceeds to the poor of Biarritz.



[Copyright.]

AT ALDERSHOT.

Accordingly, it has been taken in hand by the Little Sisters of the Poor, and the stone is at present lodged with Mellerio, of the Rue de la Paix, who has also tickets for disposal. Pear-shaped pearls are becoming distinctly in vogue, both for the points of tiaras, for earrings, and for necklaces. Fashionably minded dames who do not number these costly

trifles among their proud possessions may take the hint that at Faulkner's, of Regent Street, specimens of the pear-shaped pearl may be seen which both as to shape and colour might puzzle many an expert as to their genuineness. The small paste or diamond buckle for neck- or wrist-band is also figuring forth at evening parties on its reminiscent black velvet band.

For "glorious Goodwood" I have seen a whole battalion of gay gowns in process, exigencies of wear and weather making it impossible that Ascot gowns could "carry on" so far into the Season. Indeed, many of these airy fairy chiffons came to an untimely end when at the big Sandown meet last week during a downpour that has become history in the racing woman's annals. Bright-green glacé taffetas, covered with éru point d'esprit net, is to bedeck one fair maiden's form, four rows of the net forming chevrons in front, while alternating prettily with bouillonnées of cream tulle over white. An exceedingly well-arranged bodice, blouse-shaped as usual, has pretty little lapels of éru-coloured tulle daintily spangled with steel sequins. Rows of insertion, with alternate pannings of the tulle over the pale-green under-sleeves, are supported at the shoulders with double flounces of frilled embroidered tulle. A pale Parma-violet velvet waistband adds a most grateful line of harmonious colour, and the rosettes which fasten this ceinture at left side are deftly mixed with éru tulle.

One of the disadvantages which the modern method of multi-imposes on royalty is to be felt in the Season, when crowded highways and byways equally blockade the royal progress with such vulgar items as our congested traffic imposes. Small wonder, indeed, that the Prince and Princess of Wales were obliged to give up the attempt of reaching Mrs. Chamberlain's front door on Wednesday evening. The world is wide, and so may be Piccadilly on ordinary occasions; but of that evening I can speak feelingly, having been delayed on the way "from and to" other dissipations for a solid half-hour, during which the interchange of fervid amenities between coachmen of all types was a prominent feature of what antique journalists would call the kaleidoscopic scene. Two days previously I saw the Prince's carriage blocked at the corner of Bond Street for quite five minutes, and a democratic newsboy had the temerity to step up on the carriage-wheel and peer inside until waved off by the Princess. A hundred years ago even this could not have been, but the old order changeth, and the millennium of the ruling powers seems to have gone the way of many things. That the parti-coloured passion in frocks has definitely given way to one shade for skirt and bodice at last is proved in the present hot weather by the number of muslim gowns one sees in all directions. Black skirts and shirts are strictly relegated to morning hours, and even then among the best-dressed one does not meet the combination overmuch. How much more *chic*, for example, is this little frock of silver-grey Sicilian, illustrated with "arrangements" in Irish guipure, than a bodice of one colour, skirt of a second, and, perhaps, sleeves of a third, can ever be, no matter how authorised by freakish fashion! Four flounces headed with guipure insertion trim skirt, and the blouse-bodice of grey under a veil of similar lace has a grey taffetas frill edged with insertion where it fastens at left side. The Marie Antoinette fichu of white mousseline-de-soie, trimmed with its historic gathered flounce, plays a becoming part on many dresses just now. The newest version crosses beneath a bow of black velvet, and, carried round under the arms, finishes with long wide ends, which are trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbons.

Among all the gorgeous gowns which figured forth at the Devonshire House pageant on Friday night, one of the most attractive presented itself in the slim and gracious person of a Court danseuse, First Empire. Diaphanous draperies of pink, mauve, and blue mousseline-de-soie were arranged as separate overdresses on a foundation of milk-white satin, so thinly veiled that each colour showed and intermixed with most charming effect, recalling nothing so much as an opal, all the more that an embroidery of fine gold cord and brilliants was wrought on each skirt, emitting faint or flashing gleams of light when in movement. Naturally, the presence of the Princess of Wales gave immensely added *éclat* to the function, which was undoubtedly the crowning point of a record week of magnificent festivities.

One hopes that Captain Holford will be more fortunate in the weather for his ball than his Oriental tenant of past Seasons, with no thunder-showers to soak his tents or mar the hospitable intentions of his marqueses, as on a former well-remembered occasion. As far as the dresses are concerned, it will almost be a white ball, so many pretty girls will wear the Season's favourite colour. One exquisite gown, of pale-daffodil satin, with an overdress of chiffon in slightly lighter tone, will make an effective distinction to the ever-recurring white frocks. An embroidery of orchids, wrought in silver and paste, appears below the waist, and delicate trails of smilax, tapering to the finest points, make both front and sides of this lovely dress look as if it had been cut under a shower of silver rain.

Cherry-colour, though very favourite for smart afternoon wear, is conspicuously absent at evening-parties, I have noticed, and perhaps quite the prettiest representative of this lovely shade which I have so far seen was worn at Mrs. Allfrey's charming party at Prince's Gate on Thursday. The skirt, of bright-pink satin, almost a cerise, was daintily trimmed with ruches of chiffon in a paler shade, arranged in curves that crossed each other so as to form lozenges at a little distance from the hem. A girdle of exquisite embroidery, formed of rubies and small diamonds, was brought in a fanciful design, *à la Louis Quatorze*, over the front. This, repeated on the bodice, which opened over a vest of softly pleated cerise chiffon, made a perfect picture in conjunction with the pure brunette type of its wearer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JULIETTE.—(1) The Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company in Regent Street would trace your coat-of-arms on the gold heart in jewels bearing out the proper colours. They are specialists in the art of jewel-setting. Perhaps you are right, but I have heard the craze began in democratic America, of all places. Either way, it has caught on amazingly. (2) It would have been better to order the soap from town, as you have been in the habit of doing. Your local man has evidently an elastic imagination. There is only one Scrubb of Cloudy Ammonia fame. All the rest are false prophets. (3) I should not advise you to rent a house there; the neighbourhood is going down. Essex would make the paper for you to match your brocades.

J. F. K. B. (Lahinch, Clare).—I regret that your reply was crowded out last week. When did you see the cloths mentioned? Was it in the Ladies' Pages? If you will give me some further particulars, I will with pleasure look up the address. I think it probable you would get them from Wallace, of High Street, Kensington. Their examples of Irish and Austrian linens of every sort and specimen are worth seeing.

Mrs. S. (Portsmouth).—(1) You should go to Davis, of George Street, Hanover Square, for the silks you will require for India. He has literally thousands of pieces, from a shilling the yard upwards. (2) If the moth has got in, I fear nothing will save it; but Jay's make a specialty of preserving valuable furs. I should take it to them, and do what they advise.

SYBIL.

IMPERIAL FÊTE AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

One of the features of this fête, which was held under distinguished patronage for the benefit of the Victoria Hospital for Children, was the Maypole Dance performed by children of the "Children's Salon," instructed by Madame Katti Lanner. The Maypole itself was a very handsome one, being nearly thirty feet high, and with a floral crown on the top with two hands in the centre, the well-known trade-mark of the



THE MAYPOLE AT THE IMPERIAL FÊTE.

Maypole Soap. The ribbons were of a very fine satin, and were dyed the various colours with Maypole Soap. The whole of this pole, which must have cost a very considerable sum, was supplied and erected entirely at the expense of the Maypole Company. The same firm had also a stall, very prettily decorated with all the colours of the rainbow, from which Maypole Soap was retailed at the usual price, the whole of the proceeds being devoted to the Fund for the Hospital.

In connection with the Brussels Exhibition and the popular Belgian and Swiss tours via Harwich and Antwerp, the Great Eastern Railway will shortly transfer two of their new steamers, which have hitherto run on the Hook of Holland service, to the Antwerp service. These or other vessels will be run from now to Sept. 12, on Sundays as well as weekdays. Passengers will be able to leave London on the Saturday night, and the North and Midlands in the afternoon, reach Brussels next morning by train running alongside the steamer, and return on the Sunday evening, reaching town first thing Monday morning. The new steamers are ocean-going vessels of upwards of 1740 tons and 5000 indicated horse-power, with comfortable sleeping accommodation for about two hundred saloon passengers. The journey permits breakfast being comfortably taken in the River Scheldt, while in the opposite direction a *table d'hôte* dinner is served soon after the steamer leaves Antwerp.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on July 13.

HOME RAILS.

The railway half-year being now complete, we are in possession of the figures showing the total amount of gross receipts earned by the respective companies for that period. Those figures are highly satisfactory, showing as they do that considerable increases have occurred, despite the fact that they compare with prosperous railway traffics in the corresponding period of 1896. The largest increase is that of the Midland, the amount being £188,405. North-Eastern comes next with £138,653; London and North-Western, £129,609; Great Western, £110,040; and Great Eastern, £100,127. It is impossible to form any very accurate estimate of the dividend distributions that will result from these increased results, but, even after making substantial allowance for additional working expenses, there is every probability that an increase of $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. will be paid by most of the companies. An interesting feature in these returns is the increase of £18,022 in the figures of the London, Chatham, and Dover, which leads to the hope that the company may see its way to distribute a dividend among its Second Preference shareholders. If such a distribution takes place, it will be the first that has ever been received by those long-suffering shareholders.

THE JUBILEE TRAFFICS.

Apart from the aggregate results for the half-year, it is interesting to note what happened in the actual Jubilee week. We must say that we feel distinctly disappointed. Instead of the bumper traffics which were so confidently looked for, we find that the increases were—when they occurred at all—on a very moderate scale. Out of a list of seventeen of the most important English companies we find ten increases and seven decreases. The worst about the increases is that they are very far from being phenomenal. The following table will illustrate this—

		Aggregate Increase 26 Weeks. £	Average Increase. £	Result of Jubilee Week. £
Great Eastern...	...	100,127	3,851	+ 4,303
Great Northern	...	69,641	2,678	- 4,665
Great Western	...	110,040	4,232	- 12,120
Hull and Barnsley	...	11,117	427	- 974
Lancashire and Yorkshire	...	7,592	292	+ 2,026
London, Brighton, and South Coast	...	30,288	1,165	+ 9,916
London, Chatham, and Dover	...	18,022	693	+ 715
London and North-Western	...	129,609	4,984	- 27,445
London and South-Western	...	87,383	3,361	+ 21,090
Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln	...	10,763	414	- 3,777
Metropolitan	...	27,799	1,069	+ 4,019
Metropolitan District	...	9,072	349	+ 5,543
Midland	...	188,405	7,246	- 23,984
North-Eastern	...	138,653	5,333	+ 7,336
South-Eastern	...	49,674	1,910	+ 4,350

This exhibit is even more remarkable than we expected it to turn out when we started compiling the table. Look down it, and, with the exceptions only of the South-Western, the Metropolitan, the Metropolitan District, and the Brighton, you will fail to find a single case in which the actual Jubilee traffic swelled the receipts to any abnormal extent. Perhaps we ought to include also the Lancashire and Yorkshire, but its increase is obviously not due to London traffic, as the lines over which its passengers could come here show disappointing results. The trunk lines show particularly badly, the Great Northern and the Great Western, the London and North-Western, and the Midland all showing heavy decreases for the Jubilee week; while the increase in the North-Eastern is certainly not much to brag about. No wonder that there has been depression in the Home Railway Market, if such a result was foreseen by the operators; but "bear" closing will probably keep the market fairly normal up to the dividend time, which is now not far distant.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Just up to the end of the half-year there was the usual temporary tightness in the Money Market, owing to the banks withdrawing floating balances for balance-sheet purposes. But no sooner was that purpose served than the money was again freely released, and the discount and loan market relapsed into its now normal condition of the most extreme ease, a supply of money far exceeding the demand on it, the Bank position being very strong, in spite of the fact that the return related to the time of the abnormal circumstances above referred to.

BANK DIVIDENDS.

The Bank dividends announced up to the time of writing show up satisfactorily in comparison with those of the corresponding half-year. In the early part of the half-year they had the benefit of somewhat higher rates than had been ruling for some time, and apparently took the full advantage of them. We doubt, however, if the improvement all round is likely to be at all commensurate with that disclosed in the earlier announcements.

AMERICANS.

American Rails are jumping up and down in a somewhat erratic way. Everybody has agreed in theory that there is an improvement coming, but nobody and no group seem inclined to take the initiative. Before doing so people want to know what Congress is actually going to do regarding the Tariff Bill and the Currency Reform questions, and also what the Government is actually going to propose to Congress regarding the latter one. The Senate has of late displayed such extraordinarily

obstructive tactics with regard to everything submitted to it, that the people who used to speculate in American Rails want to see a Bill favourable to their prospects actually passed through all its stages before placing any reliance upon it as a "bull" factor. Whatever we think about the economic merits of a protective policy, there can be no doubt of its proving at least of temporary benefit to the railroad companies in the States; and Secretary Gage has pledged the Government up to the eyes to do something in the way of currency reform. The promise made at Cincinnati was received with enthusiasm on Wall Street and in financial circles generally; but the froth has gone off that enthusiasm, pending the fulfilment of the promise and on recollection of the fact that, at the best, it will take a long time to give practical effect to it. Another thing which is perhaps holding back the market in Yankees is the fact that a great many of the big railroad people and American millionaires and millionairesses are over here for the Jubilee, and a little bit out of touch with the course of events.

AUSTRALIAN REVENUE RETURNS.

The returns to hand from the Australian colonies for the past year, as cabled by Reuter, must be looked upon as very satisfactory, in view of the serious droughts which have prevailed all over that continent. The revenue of Victoria for the past year amounted to £6,600,000, being an increase of £170,000 as compared with the previous year. Railways and Customs showed increases of £200,000 and £25,000 respectively. In South Australia the revenue for the same period amounted to £2,600,000, being an increase of £44,000, the Customs showing an increase of £23,000. The New South Wales revenue amounted to £9,309,000 for the year, the increase in this instance being £57,000 as compared with the previous year. The Railway returns have been eminently satisfactory, the increase under this head being as much as £211,000. The quarterly returns of this colony have also been cabled over, which show that a considerable improvement has taken place, there being an increase of £166,800 as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year.

GRAND TRUNK STATEMENT.

The Grand Trunk is getting on very favourably in comparison with last year, and the revenue statement for May shows increases of £11,972 on the net profit of the Grand Trunk proper and £2223 on the Detroit, Grand Haven, and Milwaukee, against which has to be set a decrease of £893 on the Chicago and Grand Trunk, making an aggregate net increase of £13,302. This satisfactory result has been arrived at not so much by traffic increases as by the saving in working expenses which is being carried out under the new régime. Lumping the five months together for all the three lines comprised in the system, we get the following results—

	Gross Receipts.	Working Expenditure.	Net Gain.
The Grand Trunk ...	+ £2,516	- £47,905	+ £50,421
Chicago and Grand Trunk ...	- 32,381	- 34,925	+ 2,544
Detroit, Grand Haven, and Milwaukee...	+ 5,776	- 4,014	+ 9,790
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	- £24,089	- £86,844	+ £62,755

These figures show what enormous room for improvement there must have been under the old régime. We congratulate ourselves on having a no mean share in the expulsion of Tarquin—no, we mean Sir Henry Tyler!

COMPANY FORMATION.

There seems no likelihood of a great abatement in the formation of joint-stock companies, if we may judge from the fact that from June 16 to June 19 inclusive there were registered at Somerset House no less than twenty-four, with an aggregate capital of £3,068,000. No doubt this exceptional number was due in some measure to get undertakings floated and out of hand before the Jubilee, but, in the present temper of the public and of the promoting fraternity, we doubt not that, now this great event is over, we shall soon see a big revival in company-mongering. What puzzles us is where all the companies are to come from. Already promoters are reduced in many cases to creating companies to amalgamate all sorts of odds-and-ends of businesses in different parts of the country, and with no sort of affinity except that created by the promoters, who cannot, and will not, remain idle so long as there is a grocer's business to be bought anywhere.

NEW SOUTH WALES DIAMONDS.

We have received a most courteous letter from Mr. John Plummer, of Sydney, as to the diamondiferous area of the colony. Since 1872, he says, 106,000 stones have been found, the largest $5\frac{1}{2}$ carats in weight. What the average weight was Mr. Plummer does not say, nor would it have advanced his cause if he had, for the majority were very small. According to the same authority, 12,000 carats were obtained in 1891, but it would be interesting to know the value per carat; Mr. Plummer, however, is silent on this and nearly all other vital points. The Government Geologist of the colony says that the stones are met with in tertiary quartz pebble drifts which once formed the beds of ancient rivers; but, so far, no diamondiferous deposits or volcanic pipes, as in South Africa, have been found—in other words, no yellow or blue ground which can be worked as at De Beers and the other celebrated mines.

We never suggested that no diamonds had been found in New South Wales, and Mr. Plummer does not carry the point any further than to show what all the world has known for years—that is, that a few small diamonds are annually discovered in what have once been the beds of certain old rivers. If we could print Mr. Plummer's remarks on the diamond companies, Mr. Palmer would not be pleased; but, as this part

of the letter is marked "private," we can only say we advise our readers not to touch the shares of the Inverell Company, the Murchison Gold and Diamond Company, or any other concern floated here to work the so-called diamond deposits of New South Wales. Perhaps some person of repute in the colony will furnish us with the average value per carat of the diamonds discovered during the last few years, the cost of working the gravel in which they have been found per load, and the average diamondiferous value of that gravel. It is not a question of whether a *stray diamond can be found*, but of the chances of profitably employing capital in working the so-called deposits, that we are concerned with.

TOUTING CIRCULARS AND CYCLE SHARES.

The Cycle Market does not improve—nay, it rather gets worse and worse; while the fact that agents and retailers are generally overstocked is admitted on all hands. Of course, we know that all the big companies have standing orders which would take months to execute; but the agents who have given these orders are mostly men of straw, and the makers know very well that their customers' ability to pay for the goods is dependent on the re-sale; they are, therefore, in this fix, that if they force the agents to take what they have ordered they drive them into insolvency, while if they let them off or delay delivery, profits made exist only on paper.

The American invasion has not so far seriously affected the bulk of the big makers in this country; but it has to a large extent cut away their Continental trade, and, with a promised reduction of 25 per cent. in prices, threatens to kill what is left of it, to say nothing of the effect upon the Home market. At such a time various touts are flooding the country with recommendations to buy the shares of this or that unknown cycle company. Of course, in the majority of cases, vendors are stuck with the purchase-price in shares, and merely employ this device to bring in a little cash. The idea of a concern such as the Claremont Cycle Manufacturing Company (whose shares are just now being vigorously pushed) making and selling five hundred machines a week, or twenty-five thousand a year, merely excites a smile on the face of anyone who knows the trade; but, all the same, an investor here or there may be caught by such irresponsible folly, and it is as well to warn readers that, if they purchase on the strength of such statements, which afterwards prove untrue, they will have no remedy. Investors cannot be too careful as to Cycle investments at present; a few well-known and high-class makers will continue to do well, and probably some of the very cheap producers, but we expect the great middle-class cycle trade will, before long, be in a bad way.

THE TRANSVAAL MORTGAGE, LOAN, AND FINANCE COMPANY.

This company was formed in February 1889 under most respectable auspices, the directors including Mr. C. D. Rose (Montauk, Rose, and Co.), and Lord Brassey, Sir Jacobus de Wet (formerly Chief Justice of the Transvaal) and Sir James King being trustees for the debenture-holders. It had the whole of the great South African boom during which to make money, and its record is that since 1891 it has never paid a single dividend, that in 1895 it was obliged to make a call of a pound per share to help it to meet its liabilities, and that it had a balance of over £87,000 on the wrong side of its last published profit and loss account, while rumours are rife that a further call is in contemplation. Under these circumstances we are not surprised to hear that some of the more courageous shareholders have got up a committee to protect their interests. This committee, we are told, was appointed not to attack, but to approach and confer with the Board; but the latter are so satisfied with their own management of the affairs of the company that they are quite at a loss to understand what possible grievance the shareholders can have, or what possible justification there can be for their appointing any representatives other than the directors themselves; and, although the committee's application for an interview was couched in most conciliatory language, the directors have absolutely declined to meet them at all. This is the more remarkable from the fact that the Board (even if entirely unanimous) have admitted a difficult task before them. Something like eight months ago, at their own initiative, the shareholders passed a resolution instructing the Board at once to prepare a scheme for dealing with the lost capital of the company, but up to the present time no scheme has been forthcoming, though it is current gossip on the Stock Exchange that there have been under consideration almost as many schemes as there are directors.

As the committee have already received admissions from the holders of share capital to the extent of about £100,000, it is pretty clear that they will have to be reckoned with whether the directors like it or not, and, for our part, we cannot understand why any directors with such a record should not be willing and anxious to enlist the support of so large a portion of their proprietors in placing the affairs of the company on a satisfactory footing.

We advise all shareholders at once to put themselves in communication with the committee, and do their utmost to strengthen its hands in the negotiations with the Board, and in the still more difficult negotiations which will probably have to be faced with the founders and debenture-holders. There seems no doubt that, if the affairs of the company continue to drift as they have been drifting for so many years, sooner or later, probably sooner, there will be calls for the full nominal amount of the shares. Considering the prominent position which Lord Brassey occupied in the earlier stages of the company and the large stake which his family still have therein, we hope that he in particular will do his utmost to restore harmony and bring the Board into a more reasonable frame of mind.

THE "INVESTOR'S REVIEW."

Those who have read the July number of this magazine must wonder how Mr. Wilson has managed to escape dying in a fit of spleen over the Jubilee. Had it not been for the safety-valve of editing the *Investor's Review* and writing what he likes for it, we feel confident the poor man could not have survived the festivities, and if any reader desires to see to what length a jaundiced imagination aided by a blistering pen can carry a man, we advise him to read "About Nothing in Particular," to which the place of honour is given in Mr. Wilson's new number. Of course, the second article is a violent attack on the Chartered Company, its creators, and the South African Committee, in the course of which Mr. Rhodes is called a "loutish hero," Mr. Beit taunted with being "a German Israelite," and Mr. Chamberlain roundly accused of knowing all about the raid before it took place; but, despite all Mr. Wilson's violence on the subjects which he has made a bit threadbare by constant wear, there is useful stuff in the number, such as a review and comparison of the balance-sheets of several of the large shipping companies, and the notes on Japanese finance, the Mexican Central Railway, the Equitable Life Office, &c.

NEW ISSUES.

The Badminton Cycle and Components Company, Limited.—This concern, with a capital of £50,000, is offering £10,000 shares of £1 each for subscription. The vendor takes the whole of his purchase-money in shares, but, although there is a good bit of vague talk in the prospectus about the vendor never being able to cope with his orders, &c., there is no attempt to give any record or certificate of past profits nor any valuation of the property to be acquired. The company's goods may be well known, but we confess we never heard of them, while, as for making a fortune out of tricycle-building, we don't believe in it. The shares cannot be recommended.

The British Embroidery Machine Company, Limited, is formed with a capital of £250,000 to acquire some patents relating to improvements in Swiss embroidery and lace stitching machines, granted to Mr. Henry Hill, of the firm of Messrs. Balm, Hall, and Sons, Nottingham, to build machines, to manufacture and finish lace and embroideries, to grant licences on royalty, to form subsidiary companies, and to deal with the foreign patents. The company is promoted by Mr. E. Terah Hooley, and out of the purchase price of £250,000 that gentleman undertakes to provide £50,000 working capital. The company doubtless has in it the elements of a very great success, but as to this it is rather difficult for one who is not an expert in lace machinery to form an opinion. If all that is claimed for the invention be correct, then undoubtedly large profits may be looked for. Anyhow, the guidance of the concern is in good hands.

Saturday, July 3, 1897.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on financial subjects must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the office earlier than Friday in each week, for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and add a name-to-guarantee under which the desired answer may be published. Should no name-to-guarantee be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietor of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the response, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by means of a private letter is required, apply after five shillings and sixpence, together with a stamped and adhesive envelope, accompanied by a reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the full statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a small order for the sum of five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters or anonymous letters containing names of "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can diagrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. S. (Inquire).—We are sorry to tell you our inquiries have produced nothing definite. The people in question occupy one room on the third floor, attenant off certainly not over fifty pounds a year; they have been there nine months, and the police have had no complaints. Inasmuch as they sell these Continental lottery bonds on deferred payments ranging over a number of years, we should hardly expect in nine months that there would be much cause of complaint. If you are wise you will have no dealings with them.

Cotton.—(1) We hear good accounts of the property; beyond that we cannot go. (2) The concern is respectable, and the shares appear a fair investment, but we do not recommend them. (3) Nothing we know is better in the way of a preference share than the *India's Historical and Sporting and Dramatic Publishing Company*, which we look upon as quite safe. Rock Brothers and Wheal profit shares are also very good. (4) We have no such tip at this moment, but May Dawn Blockshares appear good buying, or perhaps Wheal Consolidated.

X. Y. Z.—(1) Accounts are conflicting as to this mine. We should sell. (2) You have been swindled by the tents. Write it off as a bad debt. If you like to sue them you might recover, and if you wish, we will, in accordance with Rule 5, give you the name of a solicitor who would probably get something out of them for you.

WINA.—See this week's "Notes."

HAMPTON.—(1) These shares are a fair investment, but the price appears quite high enough. (2) See answer to "Cotton."

Scot.—How you were fool enough to put your little money in the *Indians Syndicate* whose prospectus you send us, we do not know. It is not likely you will ever see any of it back, but as little statement in the document are mere estimates, we cannot advise you to go to law. The papers have been posted back to you.

G.A.—Stella Queens are wild oats of the worst kind. If you can find no spot to buy, sell and be quit of it. The same remarks apply to Lower Roodepoort, but here you should support the Shareholders' Committee and turn out the directors. On merits, we should sell the banks, but as there will probably be a general African rise, it might be as well to wait a bit and see whether they will not improve with the rest.